THE Squire of Alsatia.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by Their

Majesties Servants.

Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comoedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. Hor. Ep. ad Aug. 1. lib. 2.

LONDON,

Printed for *James Allestry*, at the *Crown* in St *Paul's* Church-yard, 1688.

An Explanation of the Cant.

Alsatia. White-fryers.
Prig, Prigster. Pert Coxcombs.
Bubble, Caravan. The Cheated.
Sealer. One that gives Bond and Judgments for Goods and Money.
A Putt. One who is easily wheadled and cheated.
Coale, Ready, Rhino, Darby. Ready money.
Rhinocerical. Full of Money.
Megs. Guineas.
Smelts. Half-Guineas.
Decus. A Crown-piece.
George. A Half-Crown.
Hog. A Shilling.
Sice. Six pence.
Scout. A Watch
Tattler. An Alarm, or Striking Watch.
Famble. A Ring.
Porker, Tilter. A Sword.
A Rumm Nab. A good Beaver.
Rigging. Cloaths.
Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest pure. Several Names for a Mistress, or rather a Whore.
To Equip. To furnish one.
A Bolter of White-Fryers. One that does but peep out of *White-Fryers*, and retire again like a Rabbit out of his hole.
To lug out. To draw a Sword.
To scamper, to rub, to scower. To run away.
Bowsy. Drunk.
Clear. Very Drunk.
Smoaky. Jealous.
Sharp. Subtle.
A Sharper. A Cheat.
A Tat monger. A Cheat at Dice.
Tatts. False Dice.
The Doctor. A particular false Die, which will run but two or three Chances.
Prog. Meat.

Tr. R. 5524

To the Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, &c.

My Lord;

I *Having had the Honour to have liv'd so many years in Your Lordships favour, and to have been always exceedingly oblig'd by Your Lordship, ought to be glad of any opportunity of Publishing my Gratitude. And the offering this Comedy to your Lordship may not perhaps be thought an improper occasion of doing it: for the first Act of it was written at* Copt-Hall; *and Your Lordships Approbation of it (whose Wit and Judgment have ever been unquestion'd) encourag'd and inspir'd me to go on: When I had finish'd it, which was in a months time, Your Lordship, upon the perusal of the whole, was pleas'd to say that you thought it a true, and diverting Comedy.*

This, I must confess, made me hope for success upon the Stage, which it met with, but so great, as was above my expectation (in this Age which has run mad after Farces) no Comedy for these many years, having fill'd the Theatre so long together: And I had the great Honour to find so many friends, that the House was never so full since it was built, as upon the third day of this Play; and vast numbers went away, that could not be admitted.

This extraordinary success, the more emboldens me to lay the Play at Your Lordships Feet, in whose service, I should be glad to employ my whole Life.

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a long Panegyrick to Your Lordship, 'tis superflu-

ous

ous and impertinent, to praise him whom all men speak well of, and of whom I never heard any man speak ill: Your Lordship is the Favourite of Mankind; and You deserve to be so, for You are ever obliging, and seeking out occasions of doing good, and exerting Your Charity and Generosity, in which You never lose a day.

I must acknowledge my self infinitely obliged to Your Lordship every way; but particularly, that I have the freedom of being receiv'd as one of Your Family at Copthall; *where not only the excellence of the Air, and regularity of Living contribute to my Health, but I have the Honour of enjoying the conversation which in all the World I would chuse.*

It is to me, and it must be to all who wish Your Lordship well, an extraordinary satisfaction to observe that You have laid so certain a foundation of solid happiness, for all the remaining part of Your Life; in retiring from all the unsatisfying pleasures, and noisie troubles of the Town, to so sweet a place, with so admirable a Lady, who in Beauty is exceeded by none, and has all those qualities of mind besides, which serve to make an excellent Lady, an extraordinary Governess of a Family, and an incomparable Wife; whose Fruitfulness is like to bless Your Lordship with a Beauteous, Noble, and Numerous Issue. And may Your Lordship and She long enjoy one another, and all the Blessings You Your selves can imagine or desire. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordships Most Humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

PROLOGUE.

To the *Squire of Alsatia.* Spoken by Mr. *Mountfort.*

HOw have we in the space of one poor Age,
Beheld the Rise and Downfal of the Stage!
When, with our King restor'd, it first arose,
They did each day some good old Play expose;
And then it flouriſh'd: Till, with Manna tir'd,
For wholesome Food ye nauseous Trash desir'd.
Then rose the whiffling Scribblers of those days
Who since have liv'd to bury all their Plays;
And had their issue full as num'rous been
As Priam's, *they the Fate of all had seen.*
With what prodigious scarcity of Wit
Did the new Authors starve the hungry Pit?
Infected by the French, *you must have Rhime,*
Which long, to please the Ladies ears, did chime.
Soon after this came ranting Fustian in,
And none but Plays upon the fret were seen:
Such Roaring Bombast stuff, which Fops would praise,
Tore our best Actors Lungs, cut short their days.
Some in small time did this distemper kill,
And had the savage Authors gone on still
Fustian had been a new Disease i' th' Bill.
When time, which all things trys, had laid Rhime dead
The vile Usurper Farce reign'd in its stead.
Then came Machines, brought from a Neighbour Nation;
Oh how we suffer'd under Decoration!
If all this stuff has not quite spoil'd your taste,
Pray let a Comedy once more be grac'd:
Which does not Monsters represent, but Men,
Conforming to the Rules of Master Ben.
Our Author, ever having him in view,
At humble distance would his steps pursue.
He to correct, and to inform did write:
If Poets aim at nought but to delight
Fiddlers have to the Bays an equal right.

Our

Our Poet found your gentle Fathers kind,
And now some of his works your favour find.
He'll treat you still with somewhat that is new,
But whether good or bad he leaves to you.
Bawdy the niceſt Ladies need not fear,
The quickeſt fancy ſhall extract none here.
We will not make 'em bluſh, by which is ſhown
How much their bought Red differs from their own.
No Fop, no Beau, ſhall juſt exceptions make,
None but abandon'd Knaves offence ſhall take:
Such Knaves as he induſtriouſly offends,
And ſhould be very loth to have his friends.
For you who bring good humour to the Play,
We'll do our beſt to make you laugh to day.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *William Belſond.* Mr. *Leigh.* A Gentleman of above 3000 *l. per annum*, who in his Youth had been a Spark of the Town, but married and retired into the Country, where he turned to the other extreme, rigid and moroſe, moſt ſordidly covetous, clownish, obſtinate, poſitive and froward.

Sir *Edward Belſond.* Mr. *Griffin.* His Brother, a Merchant, who by lucky hits had gotten a great Eſtate, lives ſingle, with eaſe and pleaſure, reaſonably and virtuouſly. A man of great humanity and gentleneſs and compaſſion towards Mankind; well read in good Books, poſſeſſed with all Gentlemanlike qualities.

Belſond Senior. Mr *Jevon.* Eldeſt Son to Sir *William*, bred after his Fathers Ruſtick, ſwiniſh manner, with great rigour and ſeverity; upon whom his Fathers Eſtate is entailed; the confidence of which makes him break out into open Rebellion to his Father and become leud, abominably vicious, ſtubborn and obſtinate.

Belford Junior. Mr *Mountford.* Second Son to Sir *William*, adopted by Sir *Edw.* and bred from his Childhood by him, with all the tenderneſs, and familiarity, and bounty, and liberty that can be; inſtructed in all the Liberal Sciences, and in all Gentlemanlike Education: Somewhat given to Women, and now and then to good fellowſhip; but an ingenious, well-accompliſh'd Gentleman: a man of Honour and of excellent diſpoſition and temper.

Truman. Mr. *Bowman.* His Friend, a man of Honour and Fortune.

Cheatly. Mr *Samford.* A Raſcal, who by reaſon of debts dares not ſtir out of *White-fryers*, but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to Goods and Money upon great diſadvantages; is bound for them, and ſhares with them till he undoes them. A leud, impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert in the *Cant* about the Town.

Shamwell. Mr. *Powel* Jun. Couſin to the *Belfonds*, an heir, who being ruin'd by *Cheatly*, is made a Decoy-Duck for others: not daring to ſtir out of *Alſatia*, where he lives: is bound with *Cheatly* for heirs, and lives upon 'em, a diſſolute debauch'd life.

Captain

Captain *Hackum.* Mr *Bright.*	A Block-headed Bully of *Alsatia*; a cowardly, impudent, blustring fellow; formerly a Serjeant in *Flanders*, run from his Colours, retreated into *White fryers* for a very small debt; where, by the *Alsatians* he is dubb'd a Captain; marries one that lets Lodgings, sells Cherry-brandy, and is a Bawd.
Scrapeall. Mr. *Freeman.*	A hypocritical, repeating, praying, Psalm singing, precise fellow, pretending to great Piety, a godly Knave, who joyns with *Cheatly*, and supplys young heirs with goods and money.
Attorney, Mr. *Powell* Sen.	To Sir *William Belfond*, who solicits his business, and receives all his Packets.
Lolpoop. Mr *Underhill.*	A North Country fellow, servant to *Belfond* Senior, much displeas'd at his Masters proceedings.
Termagant. Mr. *Alexander.*	A Sharper, Brother to Mrs *Termagant.*
La Mar.	*French Valet de Chambre.*
Parson. *Ruth.*	An Indebted *Alsatian* Divine.
Mrs. *Cory.* *Teresia.*	A precise Governess to *Teresia* and *Isabella.*
Mrs. *Knight.* *Isabella.*	Daughter to *Scrapeall*, in Love with, and beloved by *Truman.*
Mrs. *Mountford.* *Lucia.*	His Neece, in Love with, and beloved by *Belfond* Junior.
Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*	The Attorneys Daughter, a young, beautiful Girl, of a mild and tender disposition; debauch'd by *Belfond* Junior.
Mrs. *Termagant.* Mrs. *Bowtell.*	A Neglected Mistress of *Belfond* Junior, by whom he has had a Child: A furious, malicious, and revengeful Woman; perpetually plaguing him, and crossing him in all his designs; pursuing him continually with her malice, even to the attempting of his Life.
Mrs. *Hackum.*	Wife to Captain *Hackum.*
Mrs. *Betty.*	*Lolpoops* Whore.
Mrs. *Margaret.*	His Masters Whore.

Fiddlers, Constables, Tipstaff, Watch, Sergeant, &c. Musketeers, Rabble, &c.

THE

THE Squire of Alſatia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond *Senior, meeting* Shamwell.

Belf. Sen. COuſin *Shamwell* well met; Good morrow to you.

Sham. Couſin *Belfond* your humble Servant: What makes you abroad ſo early? 'Tis not much paſt ſeven.

Belf. Sen. You know we were Bowſy laſt night; I am a little hot headed this morning, and come to take the freſh Air here in the Temple-walks.

Sham. Well: And what do you think of our way of living here? Is not rich generous Wine better than your poor Hedge-Wine ſtum'd, or dull *March* Beer? Are not delicate well bred, well-dreſs'd Women better than Dairy-Maids, Tenants Daughters, or Barefoot Strumpets? Streets full of fine Coaches, better than a Yard full of Dung Carts? A Magnificent Tavern, than a Thatch'd Ale-houſe? Or the Society of brave honeſt, witty, merry Fellows, than the Converſation of unthinking Hunting, Hawking Blockheads, or High-ſhoo'd Peaſants and their wiſer Cattle?

Belf. Sen. O yes, a world adad. Ne're ſtir, I could never have thought there had been ſuch a gallant place as *London*: Here I can be drunk over night, and well next morning: Can ride in a Coach for a Shilling as good as a Deputy-Lieutenants, and ſuch merry Waggs, and ingenious Companions —— Well, I vow and ſwear I am mightily beholding to you, Dear Couſin *Shamwell*. Then for the Women! Mercy upon us, ſo civil and well bred. And I'll ſwear upon a Bible, finer all of them than Knight Baronet's Wives with us.

Sham. And ſo kind and pleaſant!

Belf. Sen. Ay, I vow pretty Rogues! No pride in them in the World; but ſo courteous and familiar, as I am an honeſt man, they'll do whatever one would have them preſently. Ah ſweet Rogues; While in the Country, a pies take them, there's ſuch a ſtir with puh, fy, nay Mr *Timothy*, what do you do? I vow I'll ſqueak, never ſtir I'll call out, ah hah ——

Sham. And if one of them happen to be with Child, there's ſtrait an uproar in the Country, as if the Hundred were ſued for a Robbery!

Belf. Sen. Ay, ſo there is; And I am in that fear of my Father beſides adad, he'd knock me i'th' Head, if he ſhould hear of ſuch a thing; To ſay truth, he's ſo terrible to me, I can never enjoy my ſelf for him. Lord! What will he ſay when he comes to know I am at *London*? Which he in all his Life time would never ſuffer me to ſee, for fear I ſhould be debauched forſooth; and allows me little or no money at home neither.

Sham. What matter what he ſays? Is not every Foot of the Eſtate entail'd upon you?

Belf Sen. Well, I'll endure't no longer! If I can but raiſe Money; I'll teach him to uſe his Son like a Dog, I'll warrant him.

Sham. You can ne're want that; Take up on the Reverſion; 'Tis a luſty one; and *Cheatly* will help you to the *Ready*; and thou ſhalt ſhine and be as gay as any *Spruce Prigg* that ever walked the Street.

Belf. Sen. Well; adad, you are pleaſant men: and have the neateſt ſayings with you: *Ready*, and *Spruce Prigg*, and abundance of the prettieſt witty words. —But ſure that Mr. *Cheatly* is as fine a Gentleman as any wears a Head; And as ingenious; ne'r ſtir I believe he would run down the beſt Scholar in *Oxford*, and put 'em in a Mouſe hole with his Wit.

Sham. In *Oxford*! Ay, and in *London* too.

Belf Sen. Godlookers Couſin! I always thought they had been wittieſt in the Univerſities.

Sham. O fy Couſin; a Company of *Putts*, meer *Putts*!

Belf. Sen. Putts, meer *Putts*; very good I'll ſwear, ha ha ha.

Sham. They are all Scholar Boys, and nothing elſe, as long as they live there: And yet they are as confident as if they knew every thing; when they underſtand no more beyond *Magdalen Bridge* than meer *Indians*. But *Cheatly* is a rare fellow: I'll ſpeak a bold word, He ſhall *Cut a Sham or Banter* with the beſt Wit or Poet of 'em all.

Belf. Sen. Good agen; *Cut a Sham, or Banter*! I ſhall remember all theſe quaint words in time; But Mr. *Cheatly*'s a prodigy that's certain.

Sham. He is ſo; and a worthy brave fellow, and the beſt friend where he takes, and the moſt ſincere of any man breathing.

Belf. Sen. Nay, I muſt needs ſay, I have found him very frank, and very much a Gentleman, and am moſt extremely obliged to him and you for your great kindneſs.

Sham. This morning your Cloathes and Liveries will come home, and thou ſhalt appear rich and ſplendid like thy ſelf, and the *Mobile* ſhall worſhip thee.

Belf. Sen. The *Mobile*! That's pretty. *Enter* Cheatly. Sweet Mr *Cheatly*, my beſt friend, let me embrace thee.

Cheat. My ſprightly Son of Timber and of Acres, My noble Heir I ſalute thee. The *Cole* is coming, and ſhall be brought in this morning.

Belf. Sen. Cole? Why 'tis Summer, I need no firing now. Beſides, I intend to burn Billets.

Cheat. My luſty Ruſtick, learn and be inſtructed. *Cole* is in the language of the

the Widow, Money. The *Ready*, the *Rhino*, thou ſhalt be *Rhinocerical*, my Lad, thou ſhalt.

Belf Sen. Admirable I ſwear! *Cole*, *Ready*, *Rhino*, *Rhinocerical*; Lord, how long may a man live in ignorance in the Country!

Sham. Ay: But what Aſſes you'll make of the Country Gentlemen when you go amongſt them. 'Tis a Providence you are faln into ſo good hands.

Belf Sen. 'Tis a Mercy indeed. How much *Cole*, *Ready*, and *Rhino* ſhall I have?

Cheat. Enough to ſet thee up to Spark it in thy Brothers face: And e're thou ſhalt want the *Ready*, the *Darby*, Thou ſhalt make thy fruitful Acres in Reverſion to fly, and all thy ſturdy Oaks to bend like Switches! But thou muſt Squeeze my Lad: Squeeze hard, and Seal my *Bully*. *Shamwell* and I are to be bound with thee.

Belf Sen. I am mightily beholding to you both I vow and ſwear; my Unkle Sir *Edward* took my Brother when he was a Child, and Adopted him: would it had been my Lot.

Sham. He is a Noble Gentleman, and maintains him in Coach and Equipage fit for him.

Cheat. Thou ſhalt not ſee the *Prigg* thy Brother till thou ſhalt out-jingle him in *Ready*, out-ſhine him in thy Ornaments of Body, out-ſpark him in thy Coach and Liveries; and ſhalt be ſo *Equipt*, that thou ſhalt dazle the whole Town with thy outrageous Splendor.

Belf Sen. I vow his Tongue is rarely hung!

Cheat. Thy Brothers heart ſhall break with Envy at thy Gallantry: The Fops and Beaux ſhall be aſtoniſht at thy brightneſs. What *Ogling* there will be between thee and the *Blowings*: old ſtaring at thy *Equipage*. And every *Buttock* ſhall fall down before thee.

Belf Sen. Ha ha ha! I vow you are the pleaſant'ſt man I ever met with, and I'll ſwear the beſt friend I ever had in my life; that I muſt needs ſay. I was reſolv'd not to let my Brother ſee me till I was in Circumſtances dee ſee. And for my Father he's in *Holland*. My Mothers Brother dyed and left him ſole Executor. He'll not be here theſe ſix Weeks.

Sham. Well, when you ſee your Brother he'll envy you, and rail at thoſe who made you flouriſh ſo. We ſhall be caſt off.

Belf Sen. Gudzookers Couſin! I take it very unkindly that you ſhould ſay ſo. I'll caſt of all the Relations in the World before I'll part with ſuch true, ſuch loving Friends, adad. *Enter Captain* Hackum.

O noble Captain *Hackum*, your Servant, Servant Captain.

Hack Your humble *Trout*, good noble Squire, you were brave and *towzy* laſt night, i faith you were.

Belf Sen. Yes really I was *Clear*. For I do not remember what I did, or where I was; *Clear*, *Clear*; is not that right?

Sham. Ay ay: Why, you broke Windows; *ſcour'd*, broke open a Houſe in *Dorſet* Court, and took a pretty Wench, a Gentlemans *Natural* away by force.

Cheat. Very true; And this Magnanimous Spark, This Thunderbolt of War, Captain *Hackum*, laid about him like a Hero, as did ſome other of your friends, or elſe the Watch had mauled us: But we made them *ſcoure*.

Belf. Sen. Nay o' my Conſcience, the Captains mighty Valiant; there's Terror in that Countenance and Whiskers: He is a very *Scanderbeg* incarnate. And now you put me in mind, I recollect ſomewhat of this matter: My Shoulders are plaguy ſore, and my Arms black and blue; but where's the Wench, the *Natural*, ha Captain?

Hack. Ah Squire, I led her off. I have her ſafe for you.

Belf. Sen. But does not the Gallant thunder and roar for her?

Hack. The Scoundrel dares not: he knows me, who never knew fear in my life; for my part I love Magnanimity and Honour, and thoſe things; and fighting is one of my Recreations.

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honeſtly do,
Is a Herau'd to himſelf, and a Godfather too.

Belf. Sen. O brave Captain.

Cheat. The *Prigſter lugged out* in defence of his *Natural*, the Captain *whipt* his *Porker* out, and away *rubb'd Prigſter* and call'd the Watch.

Belf. Sen. Prigſter lugg'd out, Natural, Porker, rubb'd, admirable! This is very ingenious Converſation: Y'are the pureſt Company; who would not keep Company with the Wits; Pox o' the Country I ſay.

Hack. But Squire I had damned ill luck afterwards: I went up the Gaming Ordinary, and loſt all my *Ready*; they left me not a *Rag* or *Sock*: Pox o' the *Tatts* for me: I believe they put the *Doctor* upon me.

Belf Sen. Tatts, and *Doctor*! What's that?

Sham. The Tools of *Sharpers*, falſe Dice.

Hack. Hark you, prithee Noble Squire, *Equipp* me with a Couple of *Meggs*, or two Couple of *Smelts*.

Belf Sen. Smelts! What ſhall we beſpeak another Diſh of Fiſh for our Dinner.

Sham. No, no, *Meggs* are Guineas, *Smelts* are Half Guineas: He would borrow a Couple of Guineas.

Belf. Sen. Meggs, Smelts! Ha ha ha. Very pretty by my troth. And ſo thou ſhalt, Dear Captain: There are two *Meggs*; and I vow and ſwear I am glad I have 'em to pleaſure you, adad I am.

Hack. You are ſo honeſt a Gentleman, Quarrel every day, and I'll be your Second; once a-day at leaſt: And I'll ſay this for you, There's not a finer Gentleman this day walks the *Fryars*; no diſpraiſe to any Man let him be what he will.

Belf. Sen. Adad you make me proud, Sir.

Enter Lolpoop.

O *Lolpoop*, where have you been all this Morning, Sirrah?

Lolp. Why 'tis but rear marry, 'tis meet a bit paſt Eight: By'r Lady yeow were ſo fow drunken laſt neeght I had thoughten yeow wouden ha leen a Bed aw th' morn: Well, mine eyne ake a gazing up and down on aw the fine ſights; but for aw that ſend me *North* to my own *Caunty* again.

Belf. Sen. Oh ſilly Rogue: You are only fit for Cattle. Gentlemen, you muſt excuſe him, he knows no better.

Lolp.

Lolp. Marry, better, quoth a ! By th' Mess, this is a life for a Deel ! To be drunk a nights, break Windows, Roar, Sing, and Swear i' th' Streets; go to Loggerheads with the Constable and the Watch, han Harlots in Gold and Silver Lace : Heav'n bless us, and send me a whome again.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you sawcy Scoundrel, or I'll Cudgel you to Pap : Sirrah do not provoke me, I say do not.

Lolp. Ods flesh, where is Money for aw this ? Yeowst be run agraunt soon and you taken this caurse, Ise tell a that.

Belf. Sen. Take that Sirrah : I'll teach you to mutter : What my Man become my Master ?

Lolp. Waunds ! Give me ten times more, and send me whome agen at after. What will awd Maaster say to this ? I mun ne'r see the Face of him I wot.

Sham. Hang him a Rogue. Toss him in a Blanket.

Cheat. Let me talk with him a little. Come on Fellow.

Lolp. Talk! Well, what sen ye ?

Cheat. bantering. Your Master being in this matter, to deport his Countenance somewhat obliquely, to some principles, which others but out of a Mature Gravity may have weigh'd and think too heavy to be undertaken ; what does it avail you if you shall precipitate or plunge your self into affairs, as unsuitable to your Physhomy as they are to your Complexion.

Lolp. Hah, what sen yeow ? Yeow mistaken me : I am not Book-learn'd : I understand a not.

Cheat. No, 'tis the strangest thing ! Why, put the Case you are indebted to me 20 *l.* upon a *Scire facias* : I extend this up to an Outlawry, upon Affidavit upon the *Nisi prius* : I plead to all this matter *Non est inventus* upon the Pannel ; what is there to be done more in this Case, as it lies before the Bench, but to award out Execution upon the *Posse Comitatus*, who are precently to issue out a *Certiorari*.

Lolp. I understand a little of Sizes, Nisi prizes, Affidavi, Sussurari ! But by the Mess I cannot tell what to mack of aw this together not I.

Belf. Sen. Ha ha. Puppy ! Owl ! Loggerhead ! O silly Country *Put* ! Here's a *Prigg* indeed : He'll never find out what 'tis to *Cut a Sham* or *Banter* : Well, I swear Sir, you do it the best of any Man in the World.

Cheat. No, no, I swear not I.

Belf. Sen. I protest you do it incomparably.

Cheat. Nay, now you Complement. Faith you make me blush.

Lolp. Sham and *Banter* are Heathen Greek to me : But yeow have cut out fine wark for your sel last Neeght ; I went to see the House yeow had Brocken, aw the Windows are pood downe. I askt what was the matter, and by the Mass they haw learnt your Nam too ; they saiden Squire *Belfond* had done it, and Ravish'd a Wench : and that they hadden gotten the Lord Chief Justice Warren for you, and wooden bring a pawr of Actions against yeow.

Belf. Sen. Is this true ?

Lolp. Ay by th' Mass.

Cheat. No matter ; we'll bring you off with a wet finger ; trust me for 't i'st.

Belf. Sen. Dear Friend I rely upon you for every thing.

Sham.

Sham. We value not twenty ſuch things of a ruſh.

Hack. If any of their Officers dare invade our Priviledges, we'll [illegible] to Hell without *Bail* or *Mainprize*.

Lolp. But I can tella a wor news than aw this; I ne'r ſaw fleſh alive, and I ſaw not your Fathers Man *Roger* come out o'th' *Temple yate* e'en now. Your Fathers in Town that's certain.

Belf. Sen. How! my Father ſay you? 'Tis impoſſible.

Cheat. Courage my Heir in Tail: Thy Father's a poor ſneaking Tenant for Life; thou ſhalt live better than he can: And if we do contract a Debt upon thy dirty Acres in the North, I have deſigned for you a fine young Lady with a ſwinging Fortune to redeem all; and 'tis impoſſible my Lad to miſs her.

Belf. Sen. Sir, let me embrace you, and love you: Never Man embrac'd a better Friend! *Amicus Certus in re Incerta Cernitur*, as the ſaying is.

Lolp. Sir, Sir, let me ſpeak one word with yeow; Ods fleſh, I'll die the Death of a Dog, and aw theſe yeow ſeen here, be not Rogues, Cheats, and Pick-pockets.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you Raſcal; Adad I would not have any of 'em hear for five hundred pounds; you were a dead Man.

Lolp. What is the reaſon they dare not ſtir out of this priviledged place, but on Sabbath days.

Belf. Sen. You Blockhead, Mr *Cheatly* had an Aldermans young Wife run away with him, is Sued for't, and is in fear of a ſubſtantial Jury of City Cuckolds; *Shamwels* unnatural Father lays in wait for him, to apprehend him and run him into the Country. The Brave and Valiant Gentleman Captain *Hackum*, who is as ſtout as a Lion, beat a Judges Son t'other day. And now your Queſtions are fully anſwered, your *Putt* you.

Cheat. Honeſt *Shamwel*, thou art a rare fellow: Thy Cozen here is the wealthieſt *Caravan* we have met with a long time; the hopefulleſt *Sealer* that ever yet toucht Wax among us: But we muſt take off that evil Counſellor of his.

Enter Tailor with a Bundle, a Peruke maker, Hatter, Shoe-maker.

Sham. I warrant you. Oh Cozen, here's your Tailor, with your Clothes and Liveries, Hatter, Shoe maker, Peruke-maker.

Cheat. All your Moveables together; go into your Lodging and fit them: Your new Footmen, and your *French Valet de Chambre* are there, I'll wait on you there preſently.

Lolp. Odsfleſh, here's whaint wark: By'r Lady this is fine? Whaw, whaw.

Belf Sen. Get you in, you Rogue: An you mutter one word more, adad I'll mince you, Sirrah: Well, go in all of you. Gentlemen, I ſhall ſee you preſently. *Exit.*

Cheat. Immediately: Let us hug our ſelves, my dear Raſcal, in this adventure, you have done very well to engage him laſt night in an ourage; and we muſt take care to put him upon all the expence we can: We muſt reduce him to have as much need of us as poſſible.

Sham. Thou art i'th' right: But Captain, where's the *Convenient*, the *Natural*?

Hack. Why at my Houſe: my Wife has wrought her into a good humour: She is very pretty; and is now pleas'd to think the Squire will be a better Keeper than

than her former; for he was but a *Sharper*, a *Tatterdemalion*, and she has kick'd and beat him most immoderately.

Sham. Ey! but for the Captains Wife, she's as good an able Director to carry on an intrigue, as e're a Woman in the *Fryars*! Nay, better.

Hack. Your Servant good Mr *Shamwell*, she's a very good Woman, thanks be to Heaven, I have great comfort in her; she has a Cup of the best Cherry-Brandy in the *Fryars*.

Sham. aside. And commonly a good Whore to boot: But prithee Captain, go home, and let her and the young Girl prepare to Dine with us; we must have a great Dinner, and Fidlers at the *George*, to season the Squire in his new Equipage.

Hack. Well, well, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Sham. You'll find this Fellow a necessary Tool in Comfort with his Wife, who is, indeed, a Bawd of parts: He is a good Ruffian enough: For tho' he be not stout, he's impudent, and will roar and keep a filthy pother, which is enough to make Fools believe he's stout.

Cheat. Let him and the small Fry pick up the Squires loose Crums, Whilie we share in the lusty Sums.

Enter Scrapeall.

Oh here comes Mr. *Scrapeall*, with all his Zeal; our godly Accomplice in all designs; leave him to me. *Ex.* Sham.

Oh Mr. *Scrapeall*! Have you brought the Money for the Squire?

Scrap. I come to tell you that my Man approacheth with the Money and the Goods for your Squire.

Cheat. I hope you have not burden'd him with two many Goods at first.

Scrap. No; but a fourth part: 'Tis true, the Goods are somewhat stale, but I will take them off at small under Rates: You know I am not seen in furnishing of the Goods and Money, but only in the buying of the Goods. My Lawyer accompanieth my Man to testifie the Writings.

Cheat. 'Tis as it should be: He's a fat Squire; the Estate in Tail is full 3000 *l.* a year. He will yield well.

Scrap. aside. The Squire is to take to Wife a Niece I have in Charge: His Father is to give me 3000 *l.* out of her Fortune, and the Squires Lewdness and Prodigality will soon let me deep into his Reversion. Besides, his lighting into these hands, will make his Father, when he finds it, hasten to agree with me for his Redemption. I like the business well. I am going to the Man you call *Crump*, who helpeth Sollicitors to Affidavit men, and Swearers, and Bail.

Cheat. His Office is next door; his Wardrobe for Bail and Witnesses. Here he comes, let's meet him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Pelfond, *and an Attorney.*

Sir Will. Sure I should know the Face of that Fellow, that's going there into *White Fryars*.

Att. 'Tis a Notorious one; you have seen him often, 'tis that most audacious Rogue, *Cheatly*; who has drawn in so many young Heirs, and undone so many *Sealers*: He is a *Bolter* of *White Fryars*.

Sir

Sir Will. It is that Villain!

Att. I am very glad Sir, you have diſpatcht your buſineſs ſo ſoon in *Holland*.

Sir Will. I had great ſucceſs, and finiſhed all ſix weeks at leaſt e're I expected; and had time to come by the way of *Flanders*, and ſee that Country, which I deſired: And from *Newport* I came to *Dover*; and riding Poſt from thence, I took a Boat at *Southwark*, and landed juſt now here at the Temple: But I am troubled you had ſent my Packet to *Holland* e'er I came.

Att. I receiv'd none from you of late: No Packet has arriv'd this Fortnight from *Holland*.

Sir Will. Have you heard no news from my Son, nor my Steward in the Country?

Att. Not theſe ten or twelve days.

Sir Will. That Son is all the joy of my Life; for him I hurry up and down, take pains, ſpare, and live hard to raiſe his Fortune.

Att. Indeed, I hear he's a fine Gentleman, and underſtands his Country affairs as well as any Farmer of them all.

Sir Will. I muſt confeſs he proves after my own heart: he's a ſolid young man, a dutiful Child as ever man had, and I think I have done well for him in providing him a Wife with ſuch a Fortune, which he yet knows nothing of. But will not this Godly Man, this Mr *Scrapeall*, take a Farthing leſs ſay you for his Niece?

Att. Not a Sowce: I have higgled with him as if I were to buy of a Horſe-courſer, and he will not take a Farthing leſs than 5000 *l.* for his Niece.

Sir Will. He's a ſtrange mixture, a perpetual Sermon-hunter, repeats and ſings Pſalms continually, and prays ſo loud and vehemently, that he is a diſturbance to his Neighbours; he is ſo Heavenward pious, and ſeems a very Saint of a Scrivener.

Att. He finds the ſweet of that, it gets him many a good Truſt and Executorſhip.

Sir Will. Pox on him for a Damn'd Godly Knave, forſooth, cannot he be contented to ſell her, whom his own Brother committed to his Charge; but he muſt extort ſo much for her? Well I muſt agree with him: I know ſhe has full 20000 *l.* left her: And has been brought up as ſtrictly as my Son: Get Writings ready: I'll ſend Poſt for my Son *Timothy* this day.

Att. They are ready; you may Seal in the Afternoon if you pleaſe.

Sir Will. And I will then. I'll detain you no longer: Get my Writings ready: I am reſolved to ſettle my other Boy well: But my Town Son afflicts me when e'er I hear him named.

Att. Your humble Servant Sir *Will. Belfond*. *Ex. Attor.*

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, I have been at your Brother's Houſe, and they ſay he is come to ſome Lawyars Chamber in the *Kings-Bench buildings*.

Sir Will. That's lucky enough: I'll walk here then, and do you watch.

Enter Hackum, *and another Bully*.

Who are theſe? Some Inhabitants of *White-Fryars*; ſome *Bullies* of *Alſatia*.

Hack. I was plaguy *Bouſy* laſt Night with Squire *Belfond*; We had Fiddles, Whores,

Whores, *Scour'd*, broke Windows, beat Watches, and roar'd like Thunder.

Bully. Ay, I heard you?

Sir Will. What says he? *aside.*

Hack. He Drinks, Whores, Swears, Sings, Roars, Rants, and Scours with the best of us.

Sir Will. Sir, with your favour, are you acquainted with young *Belfond?*

Hack. Yes, that I am. What Country *Put* is this? *aside.*

Sir Will. What Country-man is he Sir?

Hack. Prithee, old *Prigster*, why dost ask? He is a Northern Man: He has a damn'd Rustick, miserable Rascal to his Father, who lives a nasty brutal life in the Country like a Swine: But the Squire will be even with him, I warrant him.

Sir Will. I have something to say to him if I could see him.

Hack. You, you old *Prig*, you damn'd *Country Put*: You have somewhat to say to him! I am ready to give you satisfaction: *Lagg out*; come you *Put*: I'll make you *Scamper.*

Sir Will. Dee hear *Bully Rascal*, put up and walk your way, or by Heaven I'll beat you as long as you are able to be beaten.

Bully. I'll stand by you: You may easily beat this old Fellow.

Hack. No man e're gave me such words but forfeited his life; I could *whip thee through the Lungs* immediately; but I'll desist at present. Who the Devil would have thought this *Put* durst have drawn a Sword? Well Sir, we shall take a time Sir, another time Sir.

Sir Will. You lye, you Rascal; you will take no time.
Here's a fine Champion of my Sons. *Exit Bully.*

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir Edw. Who's this I see? my Brother! Sir *William Belfond*! Your humble Servant. You are welcome into *England.* I look'd not for you these six weeks.

Sir Will. I landed at the *Temple stairs* even now: My man has been at your House, and he heard you were here.

Sir Edw. I hope you have done your business.

Sir Will. Beyond my Expectation.

Sir Edw. Has your Wives Brother done by you in his Will, as you would have had him.

Sir Will. Truly yes: He has made me sole Executor, and left my two Sons 5000 *l.* a piece, to be paid at each of their days of Marriage, or at my Death.

Sir Edw. Well Brother, you are a happy man; for Wealth flows in upon you on every side, and Riches you account the greatest happiness.

Sir Will. I find that Wealth alone will not make happy. Ah Brother, I must confess it was a kindness in you, when Heaven had blest you with a great Estate by Merchandize, to adopt my Younger Son, and take him and breed him from his Childhood: But you have been so gentle to him, he is run into all manner of Vice and Riot; no bounds can hold him; no shame can stop him; no Laws nor Customs can restrain him.

Sir Edw. I am confident you are mistaken; He has as fair Reputation as any Gentleman about *London*: 'Tis true, he's a good fellow, but no Sot; he loves mirth and society, without Drunkenness: He is, as all young Fellows I

 believe

believe are, given to Women; but it is in private; and he is particular: No Common Whore-master: and in short, keeps as good Company as any man in *England*.

Sir Will. Your over-weening makes you look through a false Glass upon him. Company! why he keeps Company for the Devil: Had you come a minute sooner, you might have seen two of his Companions; they were praising him for Roaring, Swearing, Ranting, Scouring, Whoring, beating Watches, breaking Windows: I but asked one of 'em if he knew him, and said I had somewhat to say to him; the Rogue, the most seeming terrible of the two, told me, If I had any thing to say to Squire *Belfond*, he would give me satisfaction.

Sir Edw. What kind of Fellow?

Sir Will. He come out of *White-Fryars*: He's some *Alsatian Bully*.

Sir Edw. 'Tis impossible; he never keeps such Company.

Sir Will. The Rogue drew upon me: bid me *Lugg out*, call'd me *Old Prigg*, *Country Putt*; and spoke a particular Language which such Rogues have made to themselves, call'd Canting, as Beggars, Gipsies, Theives, and Jayl Birds do; but I made his Bullies go away very tamely at the sight of my drawn Sword.

Sir Edw. I am sure he keeps no such company; it must be some other of his name.

Sir Will. You make me mad to excuse him thus; the Town rings of him; you have ruin'd him by your Indulgence; besides, he throws away Money like dirt; his Infamy is notorious.

Sir Edw. Infamy: Nay there you wrong him; he does no ungentleman-like things: Prithee consider Youth a little: What if he does Wench a little, and now and then is somewhat extravagant in Wine? Where's the great Crime; All young fellows that have mettle in them will do the first; and if they have wit and good humour in them, in this drinking Country, they will sometimes be forc'd upon the latter; and he must be a very dull Phlegmatick Lump, whom Wine will not elevate to some Extravagance now and then.

Sir Will. Will you distract me? What are Drinking and Whoring no faults? His courses will break my heart; they bring Tears into my Eyes so often.

Sir Edw. One would think you had been Drinking and were maudling; think what we our selves did when we were young fellows; You were a Spark, would Drink, Scour and Wench with the best o'th' Town.

Sir Will. Ay but I soon repented, married and settled.

Sir Edw. And turn'd as much to the other extreme; and now perhaps I mislike these faults, caus'd by the heat of Youth. But how do you know he may not be reclaim'd suddenly?

Sir Will. Reclaim'd? How can he be reclaim'd without severity? you should Cudgel him, and allow him no Money; make him not dare to offend you thus. Well, I have a Son whom by my strictness I have form'd according to my heart; He never puts on his Hat in my presence, rises at second Course, takes away his Plate, says Grace, and saves me the charge of a Chaplain. When ever he committed a fault, I maul'd him with Correction; I'd fain see him once dare to be extravagant; No, he's a good Youth, the Comfort of my Age! I weep for joy to think of him. Good Sir, learn to be a Father of him that is one; I have a natural Care of him you have adopted.

Sir

Sir Edw. You are his Father by nature, I by choice; I took him when he was a Child, and bred him up with gentleneſs, and that kind of Converſation that has made him my friend: He conceals nothing from me, or denies nothing to me. Rigour makes nothing but Hypocrites.

Sir *Will.* Perhaps when you begin late; but you ſhould have been ſevere to him in his Childhood; abridg'd him of Liberty and Money, and have had him ſoundly whipt often, he would have bleſt you afterwards.

Sir *Edw.* Too much ſtreightneſs to the minds of Youths, like too much lacing to the Body, will make them grow crooked.

Sir *Will.* But no lacing at all, will make them ſwell and grow Monſters.

Sir *Edw.* I muſt govern by Love. I had as leive govern a Dog as a Man if it muſt be by fear; This I take to be the difference between a good Father to Children, and a harſh Maſter over Slaves.

Sir *Will.* Yes, and ſee what your Government is come to, his Vice and Prodigality will diſtract me.

Sir *Edw.* Why ſhould you be ſo concern'd? he is mine, is he not?

Sir *Will.* Yes, by Adoption, but he is mine by nature.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis all but cuſtom.

Sir *will.* Mine is a tender care.

Sir *Edw.* Your paſſion blinds you: I have as tender care as you can have; I have been ever delighted with him from his Childhood; he is endear'd to me by long cuſtom and familiarity. I have had all the pleaſure of a Father, without the drudgery of getting a Son upon a damn'd Wife, whom perhaps I ſhould wiſh hang'd.

Sir *Will.* And will you let him run on in his Lewdneſs and Prodigality?

Sir *Edw.* He is mine: if he offends 'tis me; if he ſquanders away Money, 'tis mine, and what need you care? Pray take care of your own, if you will take care of this too, what do you take him from me?

Sir *Will.* This you come to always! I take him from you; no, I'd not be troubled with him. Well, let him run on, and be ruin'd, hang'd and damn'd, I'll never ſpeak word more about him. Let him go on.

Sir *Edw.* This heat of youth will be allay'd e're long I warrant you.

Sir *Will.* No no, let him go on, let him go on; I'll take care of my own at home, and happy were this Rake-hell if he would take Example by his Brother; but I ſay no more, I have done, let him go on.

Sir *Edw.* Now you are angry, your paſſion runs away with you.

Sir *Will.* No no, I have done, what would you have more?

Sir *Edw.* Let us go and ſee him: I'll lay my life you'll find him peruſing ſome good Author; he ever ſpends his whole morning in ſtudy.

Sir *Will.* I muſt into the City, the firſt thing I do, and get my Bills accepted, and then if you will we'll ſee him: and no doubt but we ſhall find him peruſing of ſome Whore or other, inſtead of a Book.

Sir *Edw.* I am not of your Opinion: but I'll carry you in my Coach into the City, and then bring you back to him: he is of ſo good a diſpoſition; So much a Gentleman: and has ſuch worth and honour, that if you knew him as well as I, you'd love him as well as I do.

Sir Will. Well, well, I hear you Sir: I muſt ſend for my Son Poſt: I'll ſhew you a Son. Well, Heaven bleſs him, I ſhould be weary of this wicked World, but for the Comforts I find in him: Come along, I'll ſhew you a Son. *Ex. ambo.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, *and* Lucia.

Belf. Jun. WHY doſt thou ſigh? and ſhow ſuch ſadneſs in thy Looks? My pretty Miſs.

Lucia. Have I not reaſon?

Belf. Jun. Doſt thou miſlike thy entertainment?

Lucia. Ah cruel *Belfond* thou has undone me.

Belf. Jun. My pretty little Rogue, I ſooner won'd undo my ſelf a thouſand times.

Luc. How I tremble to think what I ha done! I have made my ſelf for ever miſerable.

Belf. Jun. Oh ſay not ſo, dear Child: I'll kiſs thoſe tears from off thy Beauteous Eyes. But I ſhall wrong thy Cheeks, on which they fall like precious drops of dew on flowers.

Luc. Heaven! What have I done?

Belf. Jun. No more than what thy Mother did before thee: No more than thy whole Sex is born to do.

Luc. Oh had I thought you would have been ſo Cruel, I never would have ſeen your Face: I ſwear I would not.

Belf. Jun. I ſwear thou would'ſt, I know thy would'ſt: Cruel: no Billing Turtle e'er was kinder to his tender Mate; in Billing, Cooing, and in gentle Murmers, we expreſt our kindneſs; and Coo'd and Murmer'd and Lov'd on.

Luc. The more unhappy Fool was I: Go go, I hate you now.

Belf. Jun. Oh my ſweet little one; thou canſt not ſure be ſo unkind: Thoſe pretty Tell-tales of thy Heart, thy Eyes, ſay better thinks.

Luc. Do they ſo? I'll be reveng'd on 'em for't: For they ſhall never ſee you more.

Belf. Jun. Ah ſay not ſo; I had rather much the Sun ſhould never ſhine on me; than thou be hidden from my ſight: Thou are not ſure in earneſt.

Luc. Yes ſure, I think I am.

Belf. Jun. No, my ſweet Love, I think thou art not.

Luc. Oh Lord, How ſhall I look! How ſhall I bear my ſelf! if any of my Friends ſhall fix their Eyes upon me, I ſhall look down and bluſh, and think they know all.

Belf. Jun. How many fair ones daily do the ſame, and look demurely as any Saints?

Luc.

Luc. They are Confident things I warrant em.

Belf. Jun. Let Love be made familiar to thee, and thou wilt bear it better: Thou muſt ſee me every day. Canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted to forbear the ſight of me?

Luc. Perhaps I may deſire now and then a look, a ſight of thee at ſome diſtance: But I will never venture to come near thee more I Vow.

Belf. Jun. Let me kiſs that Vow from off thy Lips, while 'tis warm there. I have it here: 'Tis gone. Thou wilt not kill me ſure? Didſt thou not ſay thou lovdſt me?

Luc. Yes, I lov'd too much; or this had never happen'd: I could not elſe have been undone.

Belf. Jun. Undone; thou art made: Woman is but half a Creature, till ſhe be joyned to Man; now thou art whole and perfect.

Luc. Wicked man! Can I be ſo confident once to come near thee more?

Belf. Jun. Shouldſt thou but fail one day, I never ſhou'd ſurvive it; and then my Ghoſt will haunt thee. Canſt thou look on me, prety Creature, and talk thus?

Luc. Well, go thy ways; that Flattering Tongue, and thoſe Bewitching Eyes were made to ruin Womankind.

Belf. Jun. Could I but think thou wert in earneſt, theſe Arms ſhould claſp thee ever here: I'd ne'er part with thee.

Luc. No, no, now I muſt be gone: I ſhall be miſt: How ſhall I get home and not be known? Sure every Body will diſcover me?

Belf. Jun. Thy Mask will cover all: There is a Chair below in the Entry to carry thee, and ſet thee down where thou wilt.

Luc. Farewel, Dear Cruel man! And muſt I come to morrow morning ſay you! No no.

Belf. Jun. Yes, yes; to morrow and to morrow, and every morning of our Lives; I die elſe.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot. Sir, your Singing-Maſter is coming.

Belf. Jun. My Singing-Maſter, Mr. *Solfa* is coming.

Luc. O Lord hide me! He is my Maſter, he'll know me! I ſhall not be able to go by him for trembling.

Belf. Jun. Pretty Miſs, into the Cloſet: I'll diſpatch him ſoon. *Goes in.*

Enter Singing Maſter, and his Daughter.

Come Maſter, let your Daughter ſing the Song you promiſed me.

Solfa. Came *Betty.* Pleaſe to put in a Flute Sir.

Belf. Jun. Come on.

Song with two Flutes, and a thorough Baſs.

The Expostulation.

Still wilt thou sigh, and still in vain
A cold neglectful Nymph adore;
No longer fruitlesly complain,
But to thy self thy self restore.
In Youth thou caught'st this fond disease,
And shouldst abandon it in age;
Some other Nymph as well may please,
Absence or business disingage.

On tender hearts the wounds of Love,
Like those imprinted on young Trees,
Or kill at first, or else they prove
Larger by insensible degrees.
Business I try'd, she fill'd my mind;
On others Lips my Dear I kist;
But never solid joy could find,
Where I my charming Sylvia *mist.*

Long Absence, like a Greenland *night,*
Made me but wish for Sun the more;
And that inimitable light,
She, none but she, could e're restore.
She never once regards thy Fire,
Nor ever vents one sigh for thee.
I must the Glorious Sun admire,
Though he can never look on me.

Look well, you'll find she's not so rare,
Much of her former Beauty's gone;
My Love her Shadow larger far
Is made by her declining Sun.
What if her Glories faded be,
My former wounds I must indure;
For should the Bow unbended be,
Yet that can never help the Cure.

Bel. Jun. 'Tis very easie and natural: Your Daughter sings delicately.

Enter Truman.

Tru. Belfond, good morrow to thee; I see thou still tak'st care to melt away thy hours in soft delights.

Bel. Jun. Honest *Truman*! All the pleasures and diversions we can invent, are little enough to make the Farce of Life go down. *Tru.*

Tru. And yet what a Coil they keep: How buſie and induſtrious are thoſe who are reckon'd grave and wiſe, about this Life, as if there were ſomething in it.

Belf. Jun. Theſe Fools are in earneſt; and very ſolid; they think there's ſomething in't, while Wiſe men know there's nothing to be done here but to make the beſt of a bad Market.

Tru. You are mighty Philoſophical this morning. But ſhall I not hear one Song as well as you?

Belf. Jun. Have you ſet that Ode in *Horace*?

Solfa. I have.

Belf. Jun. Then I hope you will be encouraged to ſet more of them; we then ſhall be ſure of Wit and Muſick together; while you great Muſicians do often take moſt pains about the ſillieſt words. Prithee *Truman* ſing it.

Tru. ſings. Integer vitæ Scelerisque purus, &c. Hor. Ode 22 l. 1.

Belf. Jun. Very well; you have obliged me: Pleaſe to accept of this. And Madam, you ſhall give me leave to ſhew my gratitude by a ſmall Preſent.

Solfa. and Daught. Your Servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Tru. You are ſo immoderately given to Muſic; methinks it ſhould juſtle Love out of your thoughts.

Belf. Jun. Oh no! Remember *Shakeſpear*; If Muſick be the Food of Love, Play on——There's nothing nouriſhes that ſoft paſſion like it, it imps his Wings, and makes him fly a higher pitch. But prithee tell me what news of our dear Miſtreſſes? I never yet was ſo ſincerely in Love as with my pretty Hypocrite; There is a Fire in thoſe Eyes that ſtrikes like Lightning: What a conſtant Church-man ſhe has made of me?

Tru. And mine has made an entire Conqueſt of me: 'Tis the moſt charming, pretty Creature, that e're my Eyes beheld.

Belf. Jun. Let us not fall out, like the Heroes in the Rehearſal, for not being in Love with the ſame Woman.

Tru. Nothing could be ſo fortunate as our difference in this caſe: The only one we diſagree in.

Belf. Jun. Thou art in the right: Mine has ſo charm'd me, I am content to abandon all other pleaſures, and live alone for her; ſhe has ſubdu'd me even to Marriage.

Tru. Mine has no leſs vanquiſh'd me; I'll render upon diſcretion. Ah Rogue *Belfond*, I ſee by your Bed, for all your Conſtant Love, you have had a Wench this night.

Belf. Jun. Peace peace, man: 'Tis dangerous to faſt too long for fear of loſing an appetite quite.

Tru. You are a ſincere honeſt Lover indeed.

Belf. Jun. Faith *Truman*, we may talk of mighty matters; of our Honeſty and Morality; but a young Fellow carries that about him that will make him a Knave now and then in ſpite of his Teeth. Beſides, I am afraid 'tis impoſſible for us prophane fellows to ſucceed in that Sanctify'd Family.

Tru. You will not ſay ſo, when you know what progreſs I have made in our affairs already.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. Thou reviv'ſt my drooping hopes; Tell me, are we like to ſucceed? Oh if I can but prevail upon my little pretty Churchwoman, I am reſolv'd to conform to her for ever.

Tru. Look under my Coat! Am I not well habited? With a plain Band, Bob Peruke, and no Cuffs.

Belf. Jun. Verily, like one of the pure ones.

Tru. Yea; and our frequenting of Sermons and Lectures, (which Heaven knows we did out of no good, but for the ſake of theſe little ones) has us'd me to their ſtile: Thus qualify'd, I got acceſs into the Houſe, having found that their Governante is Siſter to a Weaver in the Weſt, whom I know, I pretended to be her Couſin, and to bring a Token ſent to her by her Brother, and was very welcome to her.

Belf Jun. Moſt fortunate: Why does he keep 'em ſo ſtrictly? Never to ſee the face of Man?

Tru. Be not troubled at that, 'twill forward our deſign; the'll be the more earneſt to be deliver'd. But no *Italian* Women are ſo cloſely confin'd; the pure Knave intends to ſell them; Even his Daughter, who has a good Fortune left her by a Widow, that was her Aunt: And for his Niece, he has as good as agreed already with your Father for 5000 *l.* to marry her to your Brother in the Country: Her Unkle gave her 20000 *l.* and this is the reaſon of Confining 'em; for fear of looſing the Money.

Belf. Jun. With my Father ſay you?

Tru. Moſt certain: This I learnt out of Madam Governante, at the firſt enterview.

Belf. Jun. This is a very odd accident: 'Twill make my difficulty greater.

Tru. Not at all; as Lyers are always readieſt to believe Lyes, I never knew an Hypocrite but might be eaſily cozen'd by another Hypocrite. I have made my way, and I warrant thee a good event. I intend to grow great with the Father.

Belf. Jun. Thy Sanguine temper makes thee always hope in every Enterprize.

Tru. You might obſerve, whenever we ſtared upon them, they would ſteal a look at us; by ſtealth have often twiſted Eye beams with us.

Belf. Jun. The ſowre and devout look indeed ſeems but put on; There is a pretty warmth and tenderneſs in their Eyes, that now and then glids o're the godly look; like the Suns light, when breaking through a Cloud, it ſwiftly glides upon a Field of Corn.

Tru The Air of their Faces plainly ſhow they have Wit, that muſt deſpiſe thoſe trifling forms; their preciſe looks moſt ſurely are conſtrain'd.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Belf. Jun How, Madam *Termagant* here! then we ſhall have fine work. What wind blows you hither.

Term. How dare you think that I of all womankind ſhould be us'd thus?

Belf. Jun. You mean not us'd; that's your Grievance.

Term. Good Mr. Diſdain; I ſhall ſpoil your ſcoffing: Has my Love deſerv'd to be thus ſlighted? I that have refus'd Princes for your ſake? Did not all the Town court me? And muſt chooſe ſuch an ungrateful Wretch?

Belf.

Belf. Jun. When you were first in season, you were a little courted by some of Quality: Mistresses, like Green Pease, at first coming are only had by the Rich, but afterwards they come to every Body.

Term. Curse on your sawcy similies: Was not I yours, and only yours.

Belf. Jun. I had not faith enough for that; but if you were, I never had any that was mine and only mine, but I made 'em all mankind's before I had done.

Term. Ah Traytor! And you must pick me out to make this base Example of: Must I be left?

Belf. Jun. Left! Yes sure, Left! Why you were not marry'd to me: I took no Lease of your frail Tenement: I was but a Tenant at my own will.

Term. Insolent! How dare you thus provoke my Fury? Was ever Womans Love like mine to thee? Perfidious man! [*weeps.*

Belf Jun. So: after the Thunder, thus the heat-drops fall.

Term. No; I scorn that thou shouldst bring Tears into my Eyes.

Belf. Jun. Why do you come to trouble me?

Term. Since I can please no longer, I'll come to plague thee; and if I dye before thee my Ghost shall haunt thee.

Belf. Jun. Indeed your Love was most particular with spitting and scratching like Caterwauling: And in the best of humours you were ever murmuring and complaining: Oh my Head akes, I am so sick: And Jealous to madness too.

Term. Oh Devil incarnate.

Tru. Belfond, thou are the most ungentle Knight alive.

Term. Methinks the pretty Child I have had by you should make you less inhumane.

Belf. Jun. Let me have it; I'll breed it up.

Term. No, thou shalt never have it while thou livest. I'll pull it Limb from Limb e're thou shalt have it.

Belf. Jun. This is so unnatural, that you will make me so far from thinking it mine, that I shall not believe it yours: But that you have put a false Child upon me.

Term. Unworthy Wretch.

Belf. Jun. When thou art old enough, thy malice and ill humour will qualifie thee for a Witch; but thou hadst never Douceurs enough in thy Youth to fit thee for a Mistress.

Term. How dare you provoke me thus? For what little Dirty Wench am I thus us'd? If she be above ground, I'll find her, and tear her Eyes out. Hah—— by the Bed I see the Devil has been here to night—Oh oh, I cannot bear it.

Falls into a Fit.

Tru. Belfond, help the Lady for shame; lay hold on her.

Belf. Jun. No no, let her alone; she will not hurt her self I warrant thee: She is a rare Actor: She acts a fit of the Mother the best of any one in *England.* Ha ha ha.

Tru. How canst thou be so cruel?

Belf. Jun. What a Devil should I do? if a man lyes once with a Woman is he bound to do it for ever?

Term. Oh oh.

Belf. Jun. Very well faith: Admirably well acted.

Term. Is it so? Devil, Devil: I'll spoil your *Point de Venice* for you. *Flies at him.*

Belf. Jun. Will you force me to make my Footman turn you out?

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, your Father and your Unkle are coming hither.

Belf Jun. Sdeath my Father! 'Tis impossible.

Foot. By Heaven 'tis true; they are coming up by this time.

Belf. Jun. Look you Madam, you may if you will ruin me; and put me out of all means of doing for you or your Child: Try me once more, and get into the Bed and cover your self with the Quilt, or I am undone.

Term. Villain, you deserve to be ruined: But I love my Child too well.

Tru. For Heavens sake hide your your self in the Bed quickly.

Term. No no I'll run into the Closet.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell! I am ruin'd: There's a young Girl there; she'll make yet a worse uproar.

Tru. Peace, let me alone. Madam, whatever happens, ruine not your self and Child inevitably.

Enter Sir William Belfond, *Sir* Edward, *and Servants.*

Sir Edw. Ned good morrow to thee.

Belf. Jun. Your Blessing Sir.

Sir Edw. Heaven bless thee. Here's one unexpected.

Belf. Jun. My Father! I beg your Blessing Sir.

Sir Will. Heaven mend you; it can never bless you in the leud course you are in.

Belf. Jun. You are misinform'd Sir; my courses are not so leud as you imagine.

Sir Will. Do you see; I am misinformed: He'll give me the lye.

Belf. Jun. I would first bite my Tongue in pieces, and spit it at you: Whatever little hears of Youth I have been guilty of, I doubt not but in a short time to please you fully

Sir Edw. Well said *Ned.* I dare swear thou wilt.

Sir Will Good Brother Credulous: I thank Heaven I am not so. You were not drunk last night with Bullies, and roar'd and ranted, scour'd, broke Windows, beat the Watch, broke open a House, and forc'd away a Wench in *Salisbury Court.* This is a fine life. This he calls heats of Youth.

Belf. Jun. I was at home by Eight a Clock last Night, and supp'd at home; and never keep such Company.

Sir Will. No, no; you are not called Squire *Belfond* by the Scoundrels your Companions? 'Twas not you: No no.

Belf Jun. Not I upon my faith; I never keep such Company, or do such actions: If any one should call me Squire I'd break his Head: Some Rascal has usurp'd my Name.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, what would you have? This must be some mistake.

Sir Will. What a Devil: You believe this too? Ounds! you make me mad! Is there any of our Name in *England* but our selves? Does he think to flam me with a Lye?

Belf.

Belf. Jun. I ſcorn a Lye, 'tis the baſeſt thing a Gentleman can be guilty of; all my Servants can teſtifie I ſtirr'd not out laſt night.

Tru. I aſſure you Sir, he was not abroad laſt night.

Sir Will. You aſſure me! Who are you? one of his hopeful Companions? No, your Cloathes are not good enough, you may be his Pimp.

Tru. You are the Father of my Friend, an Old Gentleman, and a little mad.

Sir *Will.* Old: Walk down; I'll try your youth; I'll fight the braveſt Ruffian he keeps Company with.

Sir *Edw.* Brother you are mad? Has the Country robb'd you of all good manners and common ſenſe?

Sir *Will.* I had a Bout with two of your Bullies in the *Temple-walks.*

Belf. Jun. Whom does he mean? This is a Gentleman of Eſtate and Quality, he has above 2000 *l.* a year.

Sir *Edw.* You are a Mad Man; I am aſhamed of you. Sir, I beſeech you pardon my Brothers Paſſion, which tranſports him beyond Civility.

Belf. Jun. I know you will for my ſake.

Tru He is the Father of my deareſt Friend; I ſhall be glad to ſerve him.

Sir *Edw.* Will you never be of age of Diſcretion? For ſhame uſe me, your Son, and every Body better.

Sir *Will.* Well, I muſt be run down like a tame Puppy.

Luc. within. Murder, murder; Help, help, ah, ah!

Belf Jun. Oh this damn'd ſhe Devil. Termagant *pulls* Lucia *out by the hair; they part 'em.*

Term. I'll make you an Example: Will you ſee him whether I will or no you young Whore!

Sir *Will.* Here's a Son! Here's a fine Son! Here's your breeding! Here's a pretty Son! Here's a delicate Son! Here's a dainty Son!

Sir *Edw.* If he be mad, will you be madder?

Belf. Jun. Turn out this ſhe Bear; turn her out to the Rabble!

Term. Revenge, you Villain, Revenge. *Exit* Term. *and Foot.*

Belf. Jun. Dear Friend, prithee ſee this innocent Girl ſafe in the Chair, from that outrageous Strumpets fury. *Exit* Tru. *and* Lucy.

Sir Will. Here's a Son, here's a Son! Very well; make much of him. Here's the effect of Whoring.

Belf. Jun. No Sir 'tis the effect of not Whoring: Th's Rage is becauſe I have caſt her off.

Sir Will. Yes, yes, for a younger; a ſweet Reformation! Let me not ſee your Face, nor hear you ſpeak; you will break my heart.

Belf Jun. Sir the young Girl was never here before; ſhe brought me Linnen from the *Exchange.*

Sir Will. A fine Bawd her Miſtreſs in the mean time.

Belf Jun. This furious Wench coming in to rail at me for my leaving her, I was forc'd to put the other into that Cloſet, and at your coming up againſt my will, this run into the ſame Cloſet.

Sir Will. Sirrah, moſt audacious Rogue, do you ſham me? Do you think you have your Unkle to deal with? Avoid my preſence Sirrah: Get you out Sirrah.

Belf Jun. I am ſorry I offended: I obey. *Exit* Belf. Jun.

Sir Will. I could have found in my heart to Cudgell'd him.

Sir Edw. Shame of our Family; you behave your ſelf ſo like a Mad-man and a Fool, you will be begged: Theſe fits are more extravagant than any thing he can be guilty of. Do you give your Son the words of Command you uſe to Dogs?

Sir Will. Juſtifie him, do: He's an excellent Son! a very pretty Son! a delicate Son! a diſcreet Son! he is.

Sir Edw. Pray uſe me better, or I'll aſſure you, we muſt never ſee one another. Beſides, I ſhall entail my Eſtate for want of Iſſue by this Son here, upon another Family, if you will treat me thus.

Sir Will. What ſays he? *aſide.* Well Brother I ha done: His lewdneſs diſtracted me! Oh my poor Boy in the Country; I long to ſee him, the great ſupport of my declining Age.

Sir Edw. Let us calmly reaſon: What has your Breeding made of him (with your Patience) but a Blockhead?

Sir Will. A Blockhead! when he comes the World ſhall judge which of us has been the wiſer in the Education of a Son: A Blockhead? Why he knows a ſample of any Grain as well as e're a fellow in the North: Can handle a Sheep or Bullock as well as any one: Knows his ſeaſons of Plowing, Sowing, Harrowing, laying fallow: Underſtands all ſorts of Manure: And ne're a one that wears a Head can wrong him in a Bargain.

Sir Edw. A very pretty fellow, for a Gentlemans Baily.

Sir Will. For his own Baily, and to be a rich —

Sir Edw. Swine, and live as naſtily; and keep worſe Company than Beaſts in a Forreſt.

Sir Will. He knows no Vice, poor Boy.

Sir Edw. He will have his turn to know it then; as ſure as he will have the ſmall Pox; and then he'll be fond on't, when his brother has left it.

Sir Will. I defy the Omen: he never Whores, nor Drinks hard, but upon deſign, as driving a Bargain, or ſo; and that I allow him.

Sir Edw. So: Knaviſh and deſigning Drunkenneſs you allow; but not good fellowſhip for mirth and converſation.

Sir Will. Now Brother, pray what have you made your Son good for, with your breeding you ſo much boaſt of? Let's hear that now: Come on, let's hear.

Sir Edw. Firſt, I bred him at *Weſtminſter School*, till he was Maſter of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; then I kept him at the Univerſity, where I inſtructed him to read the Noble *Greek* and *Roman* Authors.

Sir Will. Well, and what uſe can he make of the Noble *Greek* and *Latin*, but to prate like a Pedant, and ſhew his parts over a Bottle?

Sir Edw. To make a man fit for the Converſation of Learned Gentlemen is one noble end of Study: But thoſe Authors make him wiſer and honeſter, Sir, to boot.

Sir Will. Wiſer! Will he ever get Six pence, or improve or keep his Eſtate by 'em?

Sir Edw. Mean Notions: I made him well vers'd in Hiſtory.

Sir

Sir Will. That's a pretty ſtudy indeed: How can there be a true Hiſtory, when we ſee no man living is able to write truly the Hiſtory of the laſt week?

Sir Edw. He by the way read Natural Philoſophy, and had inſight enough in the Mathematicks.

Sir Will. Natural Philoſophy! knows nothing: Nor would I give a fart for any Mathematician, but a Carpenter, Bricklayer, Meaſurer of Land, or Sailor.

Sir Edw. Some moderate skill in it will uſe a man to reaſon cloſely.

Sir Will. Very pretty: Reaſon! Can he reaſon himſelf into ſix Shillings by all this.

Sir Ed. He needs it not: But to go on; after three years I remov'd him from the Univerſity, leſt he ſhould have too ſtrong a tincture of it, to the *Temple*; there I got a modeſt learned Lawyer, of little practice, for want of impudence, and there are ſeveral ſuch that want, while empty impudent fellows thrive and ſwagger at the Bar: This man I got to inſtruct my Son in ſome old Common Law Books, the Statutes, and the beſt Pleas of the Crown, and the Conſtitution of the old true *Engliſh* Government.

Sir Will. Does he get a Shilling by all this? But what a Devil made you ſend him into *France*, to make an arrant vain Coxcomb of him?

Sir Edw. There he did all his manly Exerciſes; ſaw two Campaigns; ſtudied Hiſtory; Civil Laws, and Laws of Commerce; the Language he ſpoke well e're he went. He made the Tour of *Italy*, and ſaw *Germany*, and the Law Countries, and returned well skill'd in Foreign Affairs, and a Compleat accompliſhed *Engliſh* Gentleman.

Sir Will. And to know nothing of his own Eſtate, but how to ſpend it: my poor Boy has travell'd to better purpoſe: for he has travell'd all about my Lands, and knows every Acre and Nook, and the value of it: There's travel for you! Poor Boy.

Sir Edw. And he enjoys ſo little of that Eſtate he ſees, as to be impatient for your Death: I dare ſwear mine wiſhes my life, next to his own. I have made him a Compleat Gentleman fit to ſerve his Country in any Capacity.

Sir Will. Serve his Country! Pox on his Country: 'Tis a Country of ſuch Knaves, 'tis not worth the ſerving: All thoſe who pretend to ſerve it mean nothing but themſelves. But amongſt all things, how came you to make him a Fidler, always Fluting or Scraping? I had as lieve hear a Jews-Harp.

Sir *Edw.* I love Muſick: Beſides I would have young Gentlemen have as many helps to ſpend their time alone as can be; moſt of our Youth are ruined by having Time lye heavy on their hands, which makes them run into any baſe Company to ſhun themſelves.

Sir *Will.* And all this Gentlemans Education is come to Drinking, Whoring and Debauchery. *Enter Servant to Sir* William.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Scrapeall* is at your Attorneys Chamber in the *Temple*, and deſires to diſcourſe you.

Sir *Will.* Brother, I muſt go: I ſhall tell you when I ſee you next, what is my Buſineſs with him.

Sir *Edw.* Be ſure to Dine with me.

Sir *Will.* I will —— *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Belfond Senior, Shamwell, Cheatly, Hackum, Lolpoop, French Valet, *two Footmen, at the* George, *in* White Friers.

Cheat. Now thou look'ſt like an Heir indeed, my Lad: when thou cam'ſt up thou hadſt the Scurvy Phiz of a meer *Country Put* —— He did thee a kindneſs that took thee for a Chief Conſtable.

Sham. Now thou ſhineſt, Couſin, like a true *Belfond*! What 3000 *l.* a year entail'd, and live like a Butcher, or Grazier, in the Country?

Hack. Give you joy, noble Sir, now you look like a true Gallant Squire.

Lolp. Like a Squire, like a Puppy by the Maſs; Odsfleſh, what will the awd man ſay; he'll be ſtark wood.

Belf Sen. Well, I was the fortunat'ſt man to light upon ſuch true, ſuch real Friends: I had never known any breeding or gentility without you.

Sham. You buried all your good parts in a ſordid ſwiniſh life in the North.

Belf. Sen. My Father kept me in ignorance, and would have made a very ſilly blockheadly *Put* of me: why, I never heard a Gentleman Banter, or cut a Sham in my life before I ſaw you, nor ever heard ſuch ingenuous diſcourſe.

Hack. Nay, the world knows Mr *Cheatly*, and Mr *Shamwell*, are as Compleat Gentlemen as ever came within the *Fryers*: And yet we have as fine Gentlemen as any in *England*; we have thoſe here that have broke for 100000 *l.*

Belf. Sen. Well, I proteſt and vow, I am ſo very fine, I do not know where to look upon my ſelf firſt: I don't think my Lord Mayors Son is finer.

Cheat. He is a Scoundrel compar'd to thee: There's ne'r a *Prigg* at Court out-ſhines thee. Thou ſhalt ſtrut in the *Park*, where Counteſſes ſhall be enamour'd on thee.

Belf. Sen. I am overjoy'd: I can ſtand no ground: My dear friend *Cheatly*: My ſweet Couſin *Shamwell*! Let me embrace ſuch dear, ſuch loving friends! I could grow to you, methinks, and ſtick here for ever. *They Embrace.*

Lolp. Ah! Dear loving Dogs! They love him by'r Lady, as a Cat loves a Mauſe.

Belf. Sen. What is that you mutter, Sirra? Come hither Sirra! you are finer than any Squire in the Country.

Lolp. Pox of finery, I ſay, yeow maken a meer Aſs, an Owl of mee: Here are Sleeves fit for nought but a Miller to ſteale with when he takes Tole: and damn'd Cuffs here one cannot dip ones Meat ith' Sawce for them: Odsfleſh, give me my awd Cloths againe; would I were a whome in my Frock, dreſſing of my Geldings; poor *Titts*, they wanten me dearly, I warranta.

Belf. Sen. Well, there's no making a Whiſtle of a Pigs Tail; This Puppy will never learn any breeding. Sirrah, behold me: here's Rigging for you: Here's a *Nabb*: you never ſaw ſuch a one in your life.

Cheat. A *rum Nab*: it is a Beaver of 5 *l.*

Belf. Sen. Look you there Blockhead.

Lolp. Look yeow there Blockhead I ſay. *aſide.*

Hack. Let me ſee your *Porker*: Here's a *Porker*; here's a *Tilter*: Ha, ha. Oh how I could *whip a Prigſter thro the Lungs!* Ha ha. *Thruſts at* Lolpoop.

Cheat. It coſt ſixteen Louydors in *Paris*.

Hack. Ha ha. *He puſhes towards* Lolpoop.

Lolp.

Lolp. Hawd you, hawd you: And I tak kibbo, I'ſt raddle the bones o'thee; Iſe tell a that: for aw th'art a Captain mun.

Belf. Jun. Look Sirrah, here's a ſhow you Rogue; here's a ſight of *Cole, Darby*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*, you Raſcal, you underſtand me not! you Loggerhead, you ſilly *Put*, you underſtand me not; here are *Meggs* and *Smelts*; I ne're had ſuch a ſight of my own in my life. Here are more *Megs* and *Smelts*, you Rogue, you underſtand me not.

Lolp. By'r Lady not I: I underſtand not this South-Country ſpeech not I.

Belf. Sen. Ah methinks I could tumble in 'em. But dee hear *Putt, Putt, Putt*, Sirrah Here's a *Scout*: What's a Clock? whats a Clock Sirrah. Here's a *Tatler*, Gold, all Gold, you Rogue. Look on my finger Sirrah, look here; here's a *Famble*, *Putt, Putt*, you don't know what a *Famble*, a *Scout* or a *Tatler* is, you *Putt*.

Lolp. Fine ſights for my awd Maſter! Marry would I were ſent from Conſtable to Conſtable, and whipt home again by'r Lady.

Belf. Sen. Let's whett; bring ſome Wine. Come on; I love a whett; Pray let's huzza; I love huzzaing mightily; but where's your Lady Captain, and the *Blowing*, that is to be my *Natural*, my *Convenient*, my *Pure*.

Enter Servants with Bottles.

Hack. They are juſt coming in. Come *Betty*.

Enter Mrs. Hackum *and Mrs.* Margaret.

Mrs Hack. Come in Mrs *Margaret*, come.

Marg. I am ſo aſham'd.

Belf. Sen. Madam, your Servant; I am very much oblig'd to your favours.

Mrs Hack. I ſhall be proud to do a Gentleman, as you are, any ſervice that lies in my power, as a Gentlewoman.

Belf. Jun. O Lord, Madam, you moſt humble Servant to Command: My pretty *Blowing* let me kiſs thee: Thou ſhalt be my *Natural*: I muſt manage thee. She is a *Pure Blowing*. My pretty Rogue —— how happy ſhall I be? Pox o'the Country I ſay. Madam *Hackum*, to teſtifie my gratitude, I make bold to *Equip* you with ſome *Meggs*, *Smelts*, *Decus's*, and *Georges*.

Mrs Hack. I am your faithful Servant, and I ſhall be glad of any occaſion whereby to expreſs how ready I am to ſerve any Gentleman, or perſon of Quality, as becomes a Gentlewoman, and upon Honour Sir, you ſhall never find me tardy.

Cheat. Come on Sirra, fill up all the Glaſſes; a Health to this pretty Lady.

Belf. Sen. Ay, and i'faith I'll drink it, pretty Rogue.

Sham. Let them be *Facers*.

Belf. Sen. Facers! What are thoſe? Nay, give the Lady and the Captains Lady too.

Marg. No, I cannot drink, I am not dry.

Mrs Hack. Give it me.

Sham. There's a *Facer* for you. *Drinks the Glaſs clear off, and puts it to his Face.*

Belf. Sen. Excellent adad! Come to our *Facers*. *All do the like.*

It

It is the prettieſt way of Drinking: Fill again, we'll have more *Facers.* *Fiddles flouriſh without.*

Ha Boys! the Muſicians are come. Ha Boys, we'll ſing, dance, roar, fling the Houſe out of the Windows; and I will *manage* my pretty *Natural*, my *pure Blowing* here. Huzza. My dear Friends, *Shamwell* and *Cheatly*, I am tranſported! My pretty *Natural*: Kiſs me, kiſs me. Huzza.

Marg. Nay puh. you do ſo ruffle ones things.

Belf. Sen. I'll ruffle thee more, my little Rogue, before I have done with thee. Well, I ſhall never make you amends, my dear Friends. Sirrah, *Lolpoop*, is not this better than the Country, Sirrah? Give the Rogue a *Facer* to my Miſtreſs. Come, fill about the *Facers*. Come on, my Lads, ſtand to't. Huzza. I vow 'tis the prettieſt way of Drinking, never ſair.

Enter four Servants with four Diſhes of Meat, who croſs the Stage.

Cheat. So here's the *Frog*, here's the Dinner coming up; the Cloath's laid in the next room: Here's a noble Dinner.

Belf. Sen. Ha Boys, we'll ſing and roar, and huzza, like Devils.

Enter Sir William Belfond *at the Door.*

Ounds! Who's here? my Father? *Lolpoop*, *Lolpoop*, hide me: give me my *Joſeph*. Let's ſneak into the next Room.

Sham. Death: What ſhall we do? This is the Bully's Father.

Cheat. Let me alone: I warrant you.

Hack. This is the old Fellow I had like to have had a Rubbers with in the morning.

Sir Will. Is he fallen into theſe hands? Nay, then he is utterly loſt: His Eſtate is ſpent before he has it.

Cheat. How now *Prig*, what makes you come into our Room?

Sir Will. I would ſpeak with Squire *Belfond*.

Cheat. Here's no ſuch man.

Sir Will. Oh Bully, are you there? and my ungracious Kinſman too? would you bring my Son to the Gallows, you moſt notorious ſeducer of young heirs, I know you too. I warrant you I'll keep my dear Boy in the Country far enough from your Clutches. In ſhort, I would ſpeak with my Rebellious Town Son, who is here, and beſpoke this great Dinner.

Cheat. bantering. Why look you Sir, according to your Aſſertion of things doubtful in themſelves; you muſt be forc'd to grant that whatſoever may be, may alſo as well not be, in their own eſſential differences and degrees.

Sir Will. What ſtuff is this? where is my Son?

Cheat. Your Queſtion conſiſts of two terms: the one *ubi*, where: But of that I ſhall ſay nothing, becauſe here is no Son, nor any thing belonging to you, to be the ſubject matter of debate, at this time: foraſmuch as ——

Sir Will. Do you hear me Sir, let me ſee my Son; and offer to banter me, or ſham me once more, and I will cut your Throat, and Cudgel your brace of Cowards.

Cheat. Nay then 'tis time to take a courſe with you. Help, help, an Arreſt, an Arreſt; a Baily, a Baily.

Hack.

Hack. & Sham. An Arrest, an Arrest.

Sir *Will.* You Dogs! Am I a Baily?

Cheat. You shall be us'd like one, you old *Prig*. An Arrest.

Sir *Will.* Impudent Dogs! I must run, or I shall be pull'd in pieces. Help, help, an Arrest, an Arrest.

All cry out an Arrest: Drawers and some of the Rabble come in & joyn with the Cry which gets into the street; there they cry out too: He joyns the Cry and runs away: Cheat. Sham. Hack. *Drawers follow him, and cry out, stop, stop. a Baily.*

Cheat. Sham. Hack. in the street. Sop, stop, a Baily.

Sir William *runs, the Rabble pursue him cross the Stage.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs Termagant *and her Brother.*

Term. AS I told you, I have had a Child by him; he is my Husband by Contract; and casts me off: Has dishonour'd me, and made me infamous. Shall you think to Game and Bully about the Town, and not vindicate the honour of your Family?

Brother. No man shall dare to dishonour our Family.

Enter Belfond Junior.

Term. If you do not cut his Throat, you'll be kickt up and down for a Damn'd Coward: And besides you shall never see a penny of mine more.

Brother. I'll fight him an he be above ground.

Term. There, there's the Traytor, walking before his Unkles door: Be sure dispatch him: On, I'll withdraw *Exit.*

Brother. Do you hear Sir, do you know Mrs *Termagant*?

Belf. Jun. What makes you ask such a familiar question Sir?

Brother. I am her Brother.

Belf. Jun. Perhaps so: Well, I do? What then Sir?

Brother. Ours is as ancient a Family as any in *England*, tho perhaps unfortunate at present: The *Termagants* came in with the Conqueror.

Belf. Jun. It may be so: I am no Herald.

Brother. And do you think you shall dishonour this Family, and debauch my Sister unchastiz'd? you are contracted to her, and have lain with her.

Belf. Jun. Look you Sir, I see what you would be at: She's mad, and puts you upon this: Let me advise you, 'tis a foolish quarrel.

Brother. You debauch'd her, and have ruin'd her.

Belf. J. 'Tis false, the silliest Coxcombly Beau in Town had the first of her.

Brother. You have had a Child by her.

Belf. J. Then I have added one to your Ancient Family that came in with

the *Normans:* Prithee do not provoke me to take away one from it.

Brother. You are contracted to her; and if you will marry her I will save your life.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Lye; I am not contracted to her: Be gone, urge me no more.

Brother. Draw.

Belf. Jun. Have at you. *Enter Sir* Edward Belfond.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, hold: Oh my Son, Belf. *ſtrikes up his heels and diſarms him.* my Son! What's the matter; my dear Son, art thou not hurt? let me ſee.

Belf. Jun. No Sir, not at all, dear Sir. Here take your Sword, and be gone: Next time you come to trouble me, I'll cut your throat. *Exit Brother.*

Sir *Edw.* What's the matter, dear *Ned?* This is about ſome Wench I warrant

Belf Jun. 'Tis a Brother of that furious Wench you ſaw Sir; her violent Love is converted into hatred.

Sir *Edw.* You young fellows will never get Knowledg but at your own coſt, the Precepts of the old weigh nothing with you.

Belf Jun. Your precepts have been ever ſacred to me; and ſo ſhall your example be henceforward: You are the beſt of men; the beſt of Fathers: I have as much honour for you as I can have for human Nature: And I love you ten thouſand times above my life.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned,* thou art the greateſt joy I have: And believe thy Father, and thy Friend, there's nothing but Anxiety in Vice: I am not ſtraight Lac'd; but when I was young, I ne're knew any thing gotten by Wenching, but Duels, Claps, and Baſtards: And every drunken fit is a ſhort madneſs, that cuts off a good part of life.

Belf Jun. You have reaſon Sir, and ſhall ever be my Oracle hereafter.

Sir Edw. 'Tis time now to take up, and think of being ſomething in the world: See then, my Son, tho thou ſhouldſt not be over buſie to ſide with Parties and with Factions, yet that thou takeſt a care to make ſome figure in the world, and to ſuſtain that part thy Fortune, Nature, and thy Education fit thee for.

Belf. Jun. Your wiſe advice I'll ſtrive to follow: But I muſt confeſs I am moſt paſſionately in love, and am with your conſent, reſolv'd to marry: Tho I will perish e're I do it without it.

Sir Edw. Be ſure to know the humour of the woman; you run a mighty hazard: but if you be valiant enough to venture, (which, I muſt confeſs, I never was) I'll leave it to your own choice: I know you have ſo much honour, you will do nothing below your ſelf.

Belf. Jun. I doubt not of your Approbation; but till I can be ſure of obtaining her: Pardon me if I conceal her Name.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Ed. Your Father comes, retire a little within hearing, till I ſoften him ſomewhat: he is much mov'd, as he always is, I think. *He retires.*

Sir Will. Now Brother, as I was ſaying, I can convince you, your Son, your Darling, whom you long have foſter'd in his Wickedneſs, become the moſt profligate of all Raſcals.

Sir Edw. Still upon this ſubject.

Sir.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis very well; my Mouth must be stopt, and your Ears: 'Tis wondrous well. But I have had much ado to escape with life, from him, and his Notorious fellow Rogues: As I told you when I had found that the Rogue was with his wicked Associates, at the *George* in *White Fryars*; when they saw I was resolved to see my Son, and was rough with 'em, *Cheatly* and his Rogues set up a Cry against me! An Arrest, a Baily! An Arrest: The Mobile, and all the Rakehells in the House, and there about the Streets assembled: I run, and they had a fair Course after me into *Fleetstreet*, thanks to the Vigour I have left, my Heels saved my life; Your Infamous Rogue would have suffered me to have been sacrific'd to the Rabble.

Sir *Edw.* Ha ha ha, very pretty i faith; it run very well: Can you tell it over again think you?

Sir *Will.* Ounds! Am I become your Scorn? Your Laughter?

Sir *Edw. Ned,* You hear all this? *Belf. Jun. appears.*

Belf. Jun. Yes; and am distracted to know the meaning of it.

Sir *Will.* Vile Parricide! Are you gotten here before me? You are monstrous nimble Sir.

Belf. Jun. By all the Powers of Heaven: I never was at the *George* in my life.

Sir *Will.* Oh then they stay for you, you have not yet been there; you'll lose your Dinner, 'tis served up —— Vile Wretch.

Belf. Jun. All this is Cross purposes to me; I came to my Unkles House from my own Lodgings immediately; when you were pleas'd to banish me your presence, and here have been ever since.

Sir *Will.* Nay, he that will be a through Villain, must be a compleat Lyer Were not you even now with your Associate Rascals at the *George*?

Belf. Jun. No, by Heaven! Nor was I ever in the Company of any of that Gang. I know their Infamy too well, to be acquainted with their Persons.

Sir Will. I am not drunk, nor Mad; but you will make me one of them.

Belf. Jun. These Rascals have gotten some body to Personate me; and are undoubtedly carrying on some Cheat in my Name.

Sir *Edw.* Brother it must be.

Sir *Will.* Yes, yes, no doubt it must be so: And I must be in a Dream all this while, I must.

Sir *Edw.* You say your self, you did not see my Son there.

Sir *Will.* No, he was too nimble for me, and got out some back way, to be here before me; so to face down the truth.

Belf. Jun. I'll instantly go thither, and discover this imposture, that I may suffer no longer for the faults of others.

Sir *Edw* Dine first: My Dinners ready.

Belf. Jun. Your pardon Sir, I will go instantly: I cannot rest till I have done my self right.

Sir *Edw.* Let's in, and discourse of this matter: Brother, I must say this, I never took him in a Lye since he could speak.

Sir *Will.* Took him: No, nor ever will take him in any thing.

Sir *Edw.* Let's in —— and send your own Man with him.

Sir *Will.* It shall be so, tho I am convinced already. Is there any of the Name but you, and I, and my two Sons in *England*?

Belf. Jun. Be pleas'd to send my Footmen out to me, Sir.

Sir *Edw.* Have a care of a Quarrel, and bringing the *Alsatians* about your Ears. Come Brother. *Ex.* Sir *Edw. and* Sir *Will.*

Enter Lucia *running*, Termagant *pursuing her.*

Luc. Help, help, help.

Term. Now I have found you, you little Whore---I'll make you an Example.

Luc. Oh Lord! Are you here! Save me, save me, this Barbarous Woman threatens to murder me for your sake.

Belf. Jun. Save thee, Dear Miss: That I would at the peril of my Life: No danger shou'd make me quit thee, Cannons, nor Bombs.

Term. Damned false fellow: I'll take a time to slit her Nose.

Luc. Oh Heaven! she'll kill me.

Belf. Jun. Thou Devil, in thy propereſt shape of Furious and Malicious Woman: Resolve to leave off this Course this moment, or by Heaven I'll lay thee fast in *Bedlam*: Had'st thou fifty Brothers I'd fight with them all, in defence of this dear pretty Miss.

Luc. Dear kind Creature! This sweet love of thine, methinks does make me valiant, and I fear her not so much.

Enter Roger *and his two Footmen.*

Belf. Jun. Dear pretty Miss, I'll be thy safeguard.

Term. Thou falseſt, baseſt of thy Sex: look to see thy Child sent thee in pieces, bak'd in a Pye, for so I will.

Belf. Jun. Though thou hat'st every thing living besides thy self; yet thou hast too much tenderness for thy own person to bring it to the Gallows: offer to follow us one step, and I'll set the Rabble upon thee; come my dear Child. *Exeunt.*

Term. Thou shalt be dogg'd: and I'll know who she is; Oh Revenge, Revenge; if thou dost not exceed, thou equall'st all the Extasies of Love. *Exit.*

Enter Cheatly *and* Shamwell.

Cheat. Thus far our Matters go swimmingly; our Squire is as debauch'd, and prodigal as we can wish.

Sham. I told you, all *England* could not afford an Heir like this for our purpose, but we must keep him always hot.

Cheat. That will be easie; we made him so deviliſh Drunk the first two or three days, the least bumper will warm his addle head afresh at any time: He paid a great Fine; and may sit at a little Rent; I must be gone for a moment; our *Suffolk* Heir is nabb'd, for a small business; and I must find him some Sham-bail: see the Captain performs his Charge. *Exit.*

Enter Hackum.

Sham. Here he comes. See, Captain, you make that blockhead Drunk, and do as we directed.

Hack. He's almost Drunk, and we are in readiness for him; the Squire is rein'd with his Natural, so fond.

Sham. Tis well, about your business, I'll be with you soon. *Exit Shamwell.*

Enter

Enter Lolpoop.

Hack. Come on Mr *Lolpoop*: You and I'll be merry by our ſelves.

Lolpoop. I muſt needs ſay Captain, yeow are a Civil Gentleman, but yeow han given me ſo many Bumpers: I am meet Drunken already.

Hack. Come on, I warrant you: Here's a Bumper to the Squire's Lady.

Lolp. With all my Heart. *Enter Betty*

Hack. Oh Mrs *Betty*, art thou come? I ſent for this pretty Rogue to keep you Company; She's as pretty a Company-keeper as any's in the *Fryers*

Lolp. Ods-fleſh, what ſhou d I do in Company with Gentlewomen; 'Tis not for ſuch Fellee's as I.

Hack. Have Courage Man: You ſhall have her; and never want ſuch a one while I am your Friend.

Lolp. O Lord I! Do yeow know what yeow ſaen.

Betty. A Proper, Handſome Gentleman, I ſwear.

Lolp. Who I, no, no? What done yeow mean forſooth?

Betty. I vow, I have not ſeen a handſomer; So proper, ſo well ſhap'd!

Lolp. Oh Lord, I! I! Yeow jeern me now.

Hack. Why don't you ſalute her, Man?

Lolp. Who I? By the Maſs, I dare not be ſo bold; What I kiſs ſuch a fine Gentlewoman?

Hack. Kiſs, Kiſs her Man; This Town affords ſuch every where; You'll hate the Country when you ſee a little more; Kiſs her I ſay.

Lolp. I am ſo hala; I am aſhamed.

Bett. What muſt I do it to you then?

Lolp. Oh rare! By the Maſs! Whoo Kiſſes daintily: And whoo has a Breath like a Caw.

Hack. Come t'other Bumper; To her Health let this be, Here's to you.

Lolp. Thanka; forſooth and yeow pleaſen. *Drinks to her.*

Bett. Yes, any thing you do, will pleaſe me.

Lolp. Capt. Capt. What done yeow leave me? Hack. *ſteals out and leaves them together.*

Bett. What are you afraid of me?

Lolp. Nay, By r Lady: I am aſham'd, who's farinely a pretty Laſs! Marry.

Bett. A handſome Man, and aſham'd! *She edges nearer to him.*

Lolp. Who I, a Handſom Mon! Nay, Nay.

Bett. A Lovely Man, I vow, I cannot forbear Kiſſing you.

Lolp. O dear; 'tis your goodneſs; Ods fleſh, whoo Loves me! who'll make me ſtark wohd e'en naw; An yeow kiſſen me, By r Lady, I's kiſs yeow.

Bett. What care I?

Lolp. Looka there naw; Waunds, whoo's a Dainty Laſs, pure white and red: And moſt of the *London* Laſſes are pure white and red; Welly aw like; and I had her in ſome Nook. Ods fleſh, I ſay no more.

Bett. I'll ſtay no longer, farewell. *She retires.*

Lolp. Nay, I's not leave a ſoo; Marry whoo's a gallant Laſs.

Ex. following her.

Enter

Enter Hackum.

Hack. So, he's caught: This will take him off from teazing his Master with his damn'd good Counsel.

Enter Cheatly, *and* Shamwel.

Cheat. I have sent our *Alsatian* Attorney, and as Substantial Bail as can be wish'd for the Redemption of our *Suffolk* Caravan; he's ripe for another Judgment, he begins to want the Ready much.

Sham. Scrapeall is provided for him: How now Captain, what's become of your Blockhead?

Hack. He's nibbling at the Bait: He'll swallow presently.

Cheat. But hark you, *Shamwell*! I have chosen the subtlest and handsomest Wench about this Town for the great Fortune I intend to bestow this hopeful Kinsman of yours upon: 'Tis Mrs *Termagant*, his Brothers Cast Mistress, who resents her being left to that degree, that tho she mediates all the revenge, besides, that Womans Nature is capable of against him: Yet her Heart leapt for joy at this design of Marrying his Elder Brother: If it were for nothing but to plague the younger, and take place of his Wife.

Sham. I have seen her: She will personate a Town Lady of Quality admirably, and be as Haughty and Impertinent as the best of 'em: Is the Lodging and Plate, and things ready for her?

Cheat. It is, she comes there this Afternoon; she has set her Hand to a good swinging Judgment; and thou and I will divide my Lad: And now, all we have to do, is to preserve him to our selves from any other Correspondence, and at down-right Enmity with his Father, and Brother; And we must keep him continually hot, as they do a Glass House, or our work will go backward.

Enter Belfond Senior, *Mrs.* Margaret, *Mrs.* Hackum, *and his Servants.*

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear Friend and Cousin; tread upon my Neck: make me your Footstool, you have made me a happy Man to know Plenty and Pleasure, good Company, good Wine, Musick, Fine Women; *Mrs. Hackum* and I have been at Bumpers hand to fist; Here's my pretty Natural, my dear pretty dear Rogue; Adad she's a Rare creature, a Delicius Creature! And between you and I, dear Friend, she has all her Goings as well as e'er a Blowing in *Christendom*; Dear Madam *Hackum*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs *Hack.* I am glad, Sir, she gives your Worship content, Sir.

Belf Sen. Content; Ah my pretty Rogue! Pox o' the Country, I say, Capt. Capt. here; Let me Equip the with a Quid.

Hack. Noble Squire; I am your Spaniel-Dog.

Belf Sen. Pox o' the Country, I say; The best Team of Horses my Father has, shall not draw me thither agen.

Sham. Be firm to your Resolution, and thou shalt be happy.

Cheat. If you meet either your Father, or Brother, or any from those Prigsters, stick up thy Countenance, or thou art ruin'd, my Son of Promise, my brisk Lad in remainder, when one of 'em approaches thee, we'll all pull down our Hats, and cry bow vow.

Belf Sen. I warrant you; I am harden'd, I knew my Brother in the Country, but they shant sham me, they shall find me a smoaky Thief; I vow 'twill be a very pretty way; Bow vow I warrant thee I'll do't.

Enter

Enter Belfond Junior, *two Footmen, and* Roger.

Sham. Who the Devil's here! Your Brother, Courage.

Cheat. Courage, be rough and haughty my Bumpkin.

Belf. Sen. Hey, where are all my Servants; call 'em in. *Capt. calls 'em.*

Belf. Jun. Who is that in this House here, who usurps my name, and is called Squire *Belfond?*

Belf. Sen. One who is called so without usurping. Bow vow.

Belf. Jun. Brother, Death do I dream! Can I trust my Senses! Is this my Brother.

Belf Sen. Ay, ay, I know I am Transmography'd, but I am you very brother, *Ned.*

Belf. Jun. Could you be so unkind, to come to Town, and not see your neareſt Kindred, your Unkle, and my self.

Belf. Sen. I would not come to disgrace you, till my Equipage was all ready. Hey, *La Marr*, is my Coach at the Gate next to the Green Dragon?

Valet. Ouy Monsieur.

Belf. Sen. But I was resolv'd to give you a Visit to Morrow morning.

Belf. Jun I should have been glad to have seen you any where but here.

Belf. Sen. Fut here! why 'tis as good a Tavern, as any's in Town. Sirrah fill some bumpers: Here brother, here's a *Facer* to you: We'll Huzza, call in the Fidlers.

Belf. Jun. I am struck with astonishment: Not all *Ovids Metamorphosis* can shew such a one as this.

Belf. Sen. I see you wonder at my change; what would you never have a Man learn breeding adad? Should I always be kept a Country *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, a *Meer Putt*. I am brave and bowsy.

Belf. Jun. S'life! He has got the Cant too.

Belf. Sen. I shall be *Clear* by and by: T'other bumper, brother.

Belf. Jun. No! I'll drink no more; I hate drinking between Meals.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord! O Lord! I hate drinking between Meals? What Company do you keep? But 'tis all one. Here brother, pray salute this pretty Rogue; I *manage* her, she is my *Natural*, my pure *Blowing*; I am resolv'd to be like a Gentleman and keep, brother.

Belf. Jun. A thorough-pac'd *White-Fryers* man! *aside.*
I never refuse to kiss a pretty Woman. *Salutes her.*

Belf Sen This is Mrs *Hackum*; I am much obliged to her: Pray salute her.

Belf. Jun. What a Pox! Will he make me kiss the Bawd too.

Belf. Sen. Brother, now pray know these Gentlemen here; they are the prettiest Wits that are in Town: And between you and I brother, brave gallant fellows, and the best friends I ever had in my life: This is Mr. *Cheatly*, and this is my Cousin *Shamwell.*

Belf. Jun. I know 'em, and am acquainted with their worth.

Cheat. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

Sham. Your Servant Cousin.

Belf. Sen. And this is my dear Friend Captain *Hackum*: There's not a braver fellow under the Sun.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, a down right *Alſatian.*

Belf. Sen. Come Muſicians, ſtrike up; and ſing the Catch the Captain gave you, and we'll all joyn i'faith. We can be merry Brother, and we can roar.

Hack. 'Tis a very pretty magnanimous military buſineſs upon the Victory in *Hungary.*

Hark, how the Duke of Lorrain *comes*
The brave Victorious Soul of War;
With Trumpets and with Kettle Drums,
Like Thunder rolling from afar.

On the Left Wing the conquering Horſe
The brave Bavarian *Duke does lead*
Theſe Heroes with united force,
Fill all the Turkiſh Hoſt with dread.

Their bright Caparisons behold;
Rich Habits Streamers, Shining Arms,
The glittering Steel, and burniſht Gold;
The pomp of War with all its Charms.

With ſolemn March, and fatal pace,
They bravely on the Foe preſs on;
The Cannons roar, the Shot takes place,
Whilſt Smoak and Duſt obſcure the Sun.

The Horſes Neigh, the Soldiers ſhout,
And now the furious Bodies joyn,
Th ſlaughter rages all about,
And men in groans their Blood reſign.

The Weapons Claſh, the Roaring Drum
With Clanger of the Trumpets ſound,
The howls and yells of men o'recome,
And from the neighbouring Hills rebound.

Now, now the Infidels give place,
Then all in Routs they headlong fly,
Heroes in Duſt purſue the Chace,
While deafning Clamours rend the Sky.

Belf. Sen. You ſee Brother, what Company I keep: What's the matter you are melancholy.

Belf. Jun. I am not a little troubled Brother, to find you in ſuch curſed Company.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Hold Brother if you love your life: They are all ſtout; but that lame Captain has kill'd his five Men.

Belf. Jun. Stout ſay you? This fellow *Cheatly* is the moſt notorious Raſcal and Cheat that ever was out of a Dungeon: This Kinſman a moſt ſilly bubble firſt, and afterwards a betrayer of young Heirs, of which they have not ruined leſs than two hundred, and made them run out their Eſtates before they came to them.

Belf. Sen. Brother, do you love your Life? The Captain's a Lyon!

Belf. Jun. An Aſs, is he not? He is a Ruffian, and Cock-bawd to that Hen.

Cheat. If you were not the brother to my deareſt friend, I know what my honour would prompt me to. *Walks in a huff.*

Sham. My dear Couſin, thou ſhalt now find how entirely I am thine: My Honour will not let me ſtrike thy brother.

Hack. But that the punctilio's of Honour are ſacred to me! which tell me nothing can provoke me againſt the Brother of my noble friend, I had *whipt him through the Lungs* e're this.

Belf. Sen. Well, never man met with ſuch true, ſuch loving Friends.

Belf. Jun. Look you brother, will this convince you, that you are fallen into the Hands of Fools, Knaves, Scoundrels and Cowards.

Belf. Sen. Fools! nay there I am ſure you are out: They are all deep, they are very deep and ſharp; ſharp as Needles, adad; the wittieſt men in *England*. Here's Mr *Cheatly* in the firſt place ſhall Sham and Banter with you, or any one you will bring for 500 *l.* of my Money.

Belf. Jun. Raſcally ſtuff; fit for no places but *Ram-alley*, or *Pye-Corner*.

Belf. Sen. Perſwade me to that: They are the merrieſt Companions, and the trueſt Friends to me! 'Tis well for you adad, that they are ſo! for they are all of them as ſtout as *Hector*.

Belf. Jun. This is moſt amazing.

Sham. Did I not tell you he would envy your condition; and be very angry with us that put you into't.

Cheat. He muſt needs be a kind Brother: We prove our ſelves your true Friends; and have that reſpect for your blood, that we will let none of it out, where-e're we meet it upon any cauſe.

Belf. Sen. You ſee brother, how their Love prevails over their Valour.

Belf. Jun. Their Valour! Look you brother, here's Valour.

Kicks Cheatly *and* Shamw.

Cheat. I underſtand honour and breeding, beſides I have been let blood to day.

Sham. Nothing ſhall make me trangreſs the Rules of Honour I ſay.

Belf. Jun. Here! Where are you Sirrah; Kill-Cow. *Takes* Hackum *by the Noſe and leads him.*

Hack. 'Tis no matter; I know Honour; I know punctilio's to a hair. You owe your life to your brother; beſides, I am to be ſecond to a dear Friend, and preſerve my vigour for his ſervice; but for all that, were he not your brother--

Belf. Jun. Will not this convince you, brother, of their Cowardice?

Belf. Sen. No, I think not; for I am ſure they are Valiant; this convinces me

of their respect and friendship to me: My best friends, let me embrace you: A thousand thanks to you.

Belf. Jun. I will redeem him yet from these Rascals if I can: You are upon the bring of ruine, if you go not off with me, and reconcile your self to my Father; I'll undertake it upon good terms.

Belf. Sen. No, I thank you: I'll see no Father; he shall use me no more like a Dog: he shall put upon me no longer. Look you Sir, I have *Ready, Rhino, Cole, Darby*: Look here Sir!

Belf. Jun. Dear Brother, let me perswade you to go along with me.

Belf. Sen. You love me! and use my best friends thus? ne'r stir, I desire none of your Company: I'll stick to my friends: I look upon what you have done as an affront to me.

Hack. No doubt it is so.

Sham. That's most certain; you are in the right, Cousin.

Cheat. We love you but too well, that angers him.

Belf. Jun. Well, I shall take my leave: You are in your Cups: You will wish you had heard me. Rogues, I shall take a course with you.

Belf. Sen. Rogues! they scorn your words.

Belf. Jun. Fare you well.

Belf. Sen. Fare you well Sir, and you be at that sport.

Belf. Jun. Roger, do not discover him to my Father yet; I'll talk with him cool in a morning first; perhaps I may redeem him.

Roger. I'll do as you would have me. *Ex.* Belfond *Jun.* Roger *and too Foot.*

Belf. Sen. So now we are free. Dear Friends, I never can be greatful enough. But 'tis late, I must shew my new Coach: come Ladies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Attorney and Lucia.

Attor. How now, Daughter *Lucia*, where hast thou been?

Luc. I have been at Evening Prayers at St *Brides*, and am going home thro the *Temple.*

Attor. Thou art my good Girl. *Enter Mrs* Termagant.

Luc. Oh Heaven! who is here!

Attor What's the Matter?

Luc. I am taken ill on the sudden: I'll run home.

Term. Stay, stay; thou wicked Author of my misfortune.

Attor. How's this? stay *Lucia*: what mean you Madam? The Girl's strangely disorder'd.

Luc. Oh Heaven! I am utterly ruin'd, beyond redemption.

Term. Is she your Daughter Sir.

Attor. She is.

Term. Then hear my story: I am contracted with all the solemnity that can be to Mr *Belfond*, the Merchants Son; and for this wicked Girl he has lately cast me off: And this morning I went to his Lodgings, to enquire a reason of his late Carriage to me, I found there in his Closet this young shameless Creature, who had been in Bed with him.

Attor. Oh Heaven and Earth; is this true, Huswife?

Luc. Oh Lord I: I never saw the Gentleman nor her in my life: Oh she's a Confident thing!

Term. May all the Judgments due to Perjury fall on me, if this be not true: I tore her by the hair, and pomell'd her to some tune, till that humane Wretch *Belfond* turned me out of doors, and sent her away in a Chair.

Luc. O wicked Creature! Are you not afraid the Earth should open, and swallow you up? As I hope to be saved I never saw her?

Term. Tho young in years, yet old in impudence; did I not pursue thee since in the street, till you run into *Belfonds* arm just before his Fathers House? Or I had markt thee for a young Whore.

Luc. As I hope to live Sir, 'tis all false: Every word and Tittle of it: I know not what she means.

Attor. Have I bestow'd so much, and taken so much care in thy Education, to have no other Fruit but this?

Luc. Oh Lord Sir! Why will you believe this wicked woman?

Attor. No, young Impudence! I believe you: What made you ready to Swoon at the sight of this Lady, but your Guilt.

Luc. She mistakes me for some other, as she did to day when she pursu'd me to have kill'd me; which made me tremble at the sight of her now.

Attor. And yet you never saw her before! I am convinced. Go wicked Wretch, go home: This news will kill thy Mother: I'll to my Chamber, and follow thee.

Luc. But if I ever see her, or either, to be lock'd from my Dear *Belfond*, I shall deserve whatever you can do to me. *Exit.*

Attor. Madam, I beseech you make as few words as you can of this.

Term. I had much rather for my own honour have conceal'd it. But I shall say no more, provided you will keep her from him.

Attor. I warrant you Madam, I'll take a course with her. Your Servant. *Ex.*

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Madam, your most humble Servant: You see I am punctual to my word.

Term. You are Sir.

Cheat. Come Madam, your Lodging, Furniture, and very thing are ready, let's lose no time: I'll wait on you thither, where we will consult about our Affairs.

Term. Come on: It is a rare design; and if it succeeds, I shall sufficiently be reveng'd on my ungrateful Devil.

Cheat. I warrant the Success. *Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, *and* Teresia.

Isab. We must be very careful of this Book: My Unkle, or our Dame Governante will burn it if they find it.

Teres. We cannot have a pleasant, or a witty Book, but they serve it so: My Father loads us with Books, such as the Tryal of Man, in the Isle of *Man*, or *Man-shire*: A Treatise on Sabbath breakers, And Health out drinking, or Life out-healthing Wretches: A Caustick, or Corrosive, for a sear'd Conscience.

Isab. A Soveraign Ointment for a wounded Soul: a Cordial for a sick sinner.

The nothingneſs of good Works: Waxed Boot Grace, for the *Suſſex* ways of Affliction; and deal of ſuch ſtuff: But all Novels, Romances, or Poetry, except *Quarles* und *Withers*, are an Abomination. Well, this is a Jewel, if we can keep it. *Enter* Ruth *behind them.*

Anger in haſty Words or Blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our Foes;
And ſorrow too finds ſome relief
In tears which wait upon our grief:
Thus every paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redreſs does move.

Tereſ. 'Tis ſweety Poetry; There is a pleaſing Charm in all he writes. *She ſnatches the Book.*

Ruth. Yea, there is a Charm of Satans in it: 'Tis Vanity and Darkneſs, this book hateth, and is contrary to the Light; and ye hate the Light.

Iſab. That's much; and this Evening a little before Night thou blamedſt us for looking out of the Window, and threatn'd to ſhut the Painted Shaſhes.

Tereſ. Now if thou ſhut ſt thoſe; thou hateſt the Light, and not we.

Ruth. Look thee *Tereſia*; thou art wanton, and ſo is thy Couſin *Iſabella*; ye ſeek Temptation: you look out of the Caſement to pick and cull young Men, whereby to feed the Luſt of the Eye; ye may not do it. And look thee *Iſbel*, and *Tereſia*, if you open the Caſements once more, I will place ye in the back Rooms, and lock the fore Rooms up.

Tereſ. We will obey thee, *Ruth.*

Iſab. We will not reſiſt thy power; but prithee leave us that book.

Ruth. No, it is wanton, and treateth of Love; I will inſtantly commit it to the Flames. *Exit.*

Iſab. Shame on this old Wall-ey'd Hipocrite; ſhe is the ſtricteth ſort of Jaylor.

Tereſ. We are as narrowly look'd to, as if we had been clapt up for Treaſon, we are kept from Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Iſab. Well, it is a moſt painful life to diſſemble conſtantly.

Tereſ. 'Tis well we are often alone, to unbend to one another, one had as good be a Player, and Act continually elſe.

Iſab. I can never perſwade my ſelf, that Religion can conſiſt in Scurvy out of faſhion Cloaths, ſtiff conſtrain'd behaviour, and ſowre countenances.

Tereſ. A triſtful Aſpect, looking always upon ones Noſe, with a Face full of Spiritual Pride.

Iſab. And when one walks abroad, not to turn ones Head to the right or left, but hold it ſtrait forward, like an Old blind Mare.

Tereſ. True Religion muſt make one chearful, and affect one with the moſt raviſhing Joy which muſt appear in the Face too.

Iſab. My good Mother had the Government, and brought me up to better things, as thy good Aunt did thee.

Tereſ. But we can make no uſe of our Education under this Tyranny.

Iſab. If we ſhould Sing or Dance, 'twere worſe than Murder.

Tereſ. But of all things, why do they keep ſuch a ſtir to keep us from the Converſation of Mankind: Sure there muſt be more in it, then we can imagine; and that makes one have more mind to try. *Iſab.*

Iſab. Thou haſt been unquiet in thy ſleep of late, and ſo given to ſigh, and get alone when thou art awake: I fancy thou doſt imagin ſomewhat of it.

Tereſ. Ah Rogue, and I have obſerved the ſame in thee; canſt thou not gueſs at Love: come, confeſs, and I'll tell all.

Iſab. Sometimes in my Dreams, methinks I am in Love, then a certain Youth comes to me; and I grow chill, and pant, and feel a little pain: But 'tis the prettieſt thing methinks: And then I awake, and bluſh and am afraid.

Tereſ. Very pretty: And when I am awake, when I ſee one Gentleman, methinks I could look through him: and my heart beats, beats like the Drums in the Camp.

Iſab. I dare not ask who 'tis, for fear it ſhould be my Man; for there are two come often to our Church, that ſtare at us continually, and one of them is he.

Tereſ. I have obſerv'd them: One, who ſat by us at Church, knew them by their Names; I am for one of them too.

Iſab. I well remember it.

Tereſ. If it be my Man thou lik'ſt, I'll kill thee.

Iſab. And if thou lov'ſt my Man, we muſt not live together.

Tereſ. Name him.

Iſab. Do thou name firſt.

Tereſ. Let's write their names.

Iſab. Agreed: We each have a Black Lead Pen. *They write their Papers and give them to one another, at which they both ſpeak together and ſtart.*

Tereſ. Truman, Mercy on me!

Iſab. Belfond, Oh Heavens!

Tereſ. What's this I ſee! Would I were blind.

Iſab. Oh my *Tereſia*!

Tereſ. Get thee from me.

Iſab. 'Tis as it ſhould be; I wrote the wrong name, on purpoſe to diſcover who was your Man more clearly; the other's my beloved. *Belfond*'s my Hearts delight.

Tereſ. Say'ſt thou ſo my Girl! good Wits jump. I had the ſame thought with thee. Now 'tis out, *Truman* for me; and methinks they keep ſuch a ſtaring at us, if we contrive to meet them, we need not deſpair.

Iſab. Nay, they come not for Devotion, that's certain; I ſee that in their Eyes: Oh that they were ordain'd to free us from this odious Jayl.

Enter Ruth, *and* Truman *diſguis'd.*

Ruth. Go into your Chamber; here is a Man cometh about buſineſs: Ye may not ſee him.

Tereſ. We go: Come Couſin.

Ruth. Come Friend: let us retire alſo. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, *and* Lucia.

Luc. I Never more muſt ſee the Face of a Relation.

Belf. Jun. I warrant thee, my pretty Rogue, I'll put thee into that condition the beſt of all thy kindred ſhall viſit thee, and make their court to thee; thou ſhalt ſpark it in the Boxes, ſhine at the Park, and make all the young fellows in the Town run mad for thee: Thou ſhalt never want, while I have any thing.

Luc. I cou'd abandon all the World for thee; if I cou'd think thou wouldſt love me always.

Belf. Jun. Thou haſt ſo kindly oblig'd me, I ſhall never ceaſe to love thee.

Luc. Pray Heaven I do not repent it: You were kind to Mrs *Termagant*; and ſure it muſt be ſome barbarous uſage, which thus provokes her now to all this malice.

Belf. Jun. She was debauch'd by the moſt nauſeous Coxcomb, the moſt ſilly Beau and Shape about the Town; and had Cuckolded him with ſeveral before I had her. She was indeed handſome, but the moſt froward, ill-natur'd Creature; always murmuring or ſcolding, perpetually jealous and exceptious, ever thinking to work her ends by Hectoring and Daring.

Luc. Indeed! Was ſhe ſuch a one? I am ſure, you were the firſt that ever had my Heart, and you ſhall be the laſt.

Belf. Jun. My Dear, I know I had thy Virgin Heart, and I'll preſerve it. But for her, her moſt diverting minutes were unpleaſant: Yet for all her Malice which you ſee, I ſtill maintain her.

Luc. Ungrateful Creature! She is indeed a Fury. Shou'dſt thou once take thy Love from me, I never ſhou'd uſe ſuch ways: I ſilently ſhou'd mourn and pine away; but never think of once offending thee.

Belf. Jun. Thou art the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Creature! and all the tendereſt Joys that wait on Love, are ever with thee.

Luc. Oh, this is charming kindneſs! May all the Joys on Earth be ſtill with thee.

Belf. Jun. aſide. Now here's a miſchief on the other ſide; For how can a good natur'd man think of ever quitting ſo tender, and ſo kind a Miſtreſs, whom no reſpect, but love has thrown into my Arms: And yet I muſt: But I will better her condition. Oh, how does my Friend. *Enter* Truman.

Luc. Oh Lord! who's here?

Belf. Jun. My Dear, go to the Lodging I have prepared for thee; thou wilt be ſafe, and I'll wait on thee ſoon. Who's there? *Enter Servants.* Do you wait on this Ladies Chair, you know whither.

Tru.

Tru. Thou art a pretty fellow, *Belfond*, to take thy pleasure thus, and put thy Friend upon the damnedst drudgery.

Belf. Jun. What drudgery? a little dissembling.

Tru. Why that were bad enough, to dissemble my self an Ass; but to dissemble Love, nay Lust, is the more irksome task a Man can undergo.

Belf. Jun. But prithee come to the point: in short, have we any hopes.

Tru. 'Tis done; the business is done: Whip on your habit; make no words.

Belf. Jun. I'll put it on in my Pressing-room. This news transports.

Tru. If you had undergone what I have done, 'twould have humbled you: I have enjoy'd a Lady; but I had as lieve have had a *Lancashire* Witch, just after she had alighted from a Broom-staff: I have been uncivil, and enjoy'd the Governante in most lewd dalliance.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a brave fellow, and makest nothing of it.

Tru. Nothing? 'Sdeath, I had rather have storm'd a *Half Moon*: I had more pleasure at the Battel of *Mons*.

Belf. Jun. But hast thou done our works as well as hers?

Tru. I have: For after the enjoyment of her person had led me into some familiarity with her, I proposed, she accepted, for she is Covetous as well as Amorous: and she has so far wrought for us, that we shall have an interview with our Mistresses; whom, she says, we shall find very inclinable; and she has promis'd this night to deliver 'em into our hands.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a rare Friend to me, and to thy self. Now, Farewel all the vanity of this lewd Town, at once I quit it all. Dear Rogue, let's in.

Tru. Come in, in, and dress in your Habit. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William, *Sir* Edward *and* Scrapeall.

Scrapeall. Look ye Sir *William*, I am glad you like my Neece: and I hope also, that she may look lovely in your Sons Eyes.

Sir *Edw.* No doubt but he will be extremely taken with her: Indeed both she and your Daughter are very Beautiful.

Sir *Will.* He like her! What's matter whether he like her, or no? Is it not enough for him, that I do? Is a Son, a Boy, a Jackanapes, to have a will of his own? That were to have him be the Father, and me the Son. But indeed they are both very handsome.

Scrapeall. Let me tell you both, Sir *William*, and Sir *Edward*, Beauty is but Vanity, a meer nothing; but they have that which will not fade; they have Grace.

Sir *Edw.* They look like pretty spirited witty Girls. *aside.*

Scrapeall. I am sorry I must leave ye so soon: I thought to have bidden ye to dinner, but I am to pay down a summ of Money upon a Mortgage this afternoon: Farewell.

Sir *Will.* Farewel Mr *Scrapeall.*

Sir *Edw.* Pray meet my Brother at my House at Dinner.

Scrapeall. Thank you Sir *Edward*, I know not but I may.

Sir *Edw.* The person of this Girl is well chosen for your Son, if she were not so precise and pure.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Prethee, what matter what ſhe is, has ſhe not Fifteen Thouſand Pounds clear ?

Sir *Edw.* For a Husband to differ in Religion from a Wife.

Sir *Will.* What, with Fifteen Thouſand Pound ?

Sir *Edw.* A preciſe Wife will think herſelf ſo pure, ſhe will be apt to contemn her Husband.

Sir *Will.* Ay, but Fifteen Thouſand Pound, Brother.

Sir *Edw.* You know how intractable miſguided Zeal and Spiritual Pride are.

Sir *Will.* What with Fifteen Thouſand Pound !

Sir *Edw.* I would not willingly my Son ſhould have her.

Sir *Will.* Not with Fifteen Thouſand Pound ?

Sir *Edw.* I ſee there's no anſwer to be given to Fifteen Thouſand Pound.

Sir *Will.* A Pox o' this Godly knave, it ſhould have been Twenty.

Sir *Edw.* Nor would I buy a Wife for my Son.

Sir *Will.* Not if you could have her a good penny-worth : Your Son, quoth ye ? He is like to make a fine Husband. For all your precious Son ——

Sir *Edw.* Agen, Brother.

Sir *Will.* Look you, Brother, you fly out ſo : Pray, Brother, be not paſſionate ; paſſion drowns ones parts ; let us calmly reaſon ; I have freſh matter ; have but patience, and hear me ſpeak.

Sir *Edw.* Well, brother, go on ; for I ſee I might as ſoon ſtop a Tyde.

Sir *Will.* To be calm and patient ; your Jewel, tho he deny'd that outrage in *Dorſet Court*, yet he committed it, and was laſt night night hurry'd before the Lord Chief Juſtice for it.

Sir *Edw.* It cannot be, on my certain knowledge. I could convince him, but it is not time. *aſide.*

Sir *Will.* What a Devil, are all the world miſtaken, but you !

Sir *Edw.* He was with me all the evening.

Sir *Will.* Why, he got Bail immediately, and came to you. Ounds I never ſaw ſuch a man in my life !

Sir *Edw.* I am aſſur'd of the contrary.

Sir *Will.* Death and Hell, you make me ſtark mad : you will ſend me to *Bedlam* : you will not believe your own ſenſes : I'll hold you a Thouſand Pound.

Sir *Edw.* Brother, remember paſſion drowns ones parts.

Sir *Will.* Well, I am tame, I am cool.

Sir *Edw.* I'll hold you a hundred, which is enough for one Brother to win of another. *Enter Attorney.*

And here's your own Attorney comes opportunely enough to hold ſtakes. I'll bind it with ten.

Sir *Will.* Done.

Sir *Edw.* Why, I ſaw your man *Roger*, and he ſays your Son found there a Raſcal, that went by his Name.

Attor. Oh, Sir *William*, I am undone, ruin'd, made a miſerable man !

Sir *Will.* What's the matter man ?

Attor. Tho you have been an exceeding good Clyent to me, I have reaſon to Curſe one of your Family that has ruin'd mine.

Sir

Sir Will. Pray explain your ſelf.

Attor. Oh, Sir, your wicked Son, your moſt Libidinous Son.

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, d'ye hear ? d'ye hear ? Do you Anſwer ?

Attor. Has Corrupted, Debauch'd my only Daughter, whom I had brought up with all the care and charge I could, who was the Hopes, the Joy of all our Family.

Sir Will. Here's a Son ! Here's a rare Son ! Here's a hopeful Son ! And he were mine, I'd laſh him with a dog-whip : I'd cool his courage.

Sir Edw. How do you know it is he ?

Attor. I have a witneſs of it, that ſaw her riſe from his Bed the other Days Morning : And laſt Night ſhe ran away to him, and they have lay at a private Lodging.

Sir Edw. Be well aſſur'd e're you conclude ; for there is a Raſcal that has taken my Sons Name, and has ſwagger'd in and about *White-Friers*, with *Cheatly*, and that Gang of Rogues, whom my Son will take a courſe with.

Attor. Oh, Sir, I am too well aſſur'd : My Wife tears her Hair ; and I, for my part I ſhall run diſtracted.

Sir Will. Oh, Wicked Raſcal ! Oh my poor *Tim* ! my dear *Tim* ! I think each Day a Year, till I ſee thee.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am extremely ſorry for this, if it be ſo ; but let me beg of you, play the part of a Wiſe man ; blaze not this Diſhonour abroad, and you ſhall have all the Reparation the caſe is capable of.

Sir Will. Reparation, for making his Daughter a Whore ! What, a Pox, can he give her her Maiden-head again ?

Sir Edw. Money, which ſhall not be wanting, will ſtop that Witneſſes Mouth : And I will give your Daughter ſuch a Fortune, that were what you believe true and publickly known, ſhe ſhould live above Contempt, as the World goes now.

Attor. You ſpeak like the worthy Gentleman the World thinks you ; but there can be no Salve for this Sore.

Sir Will. Why, you are enough to damn Forty Sons, if you had them ; you encourage them to Whore : You are fit to breed up youth !

Sir Edw. You are mad : But pray Sir, let me intreat you to go home, and I will wait upon you ; and we will conſult how to make the beſt of this misfortune, in which I aſſure you, I have a great ſhare.

Attor. I will ſubmit to your wiſe Advice, Sir : My grief had made me forget ; here is a Letter comes out of the Country for you. *Ex. Attorney.*

Sir Will. For me ! 'Tis welcome : Now for News from my dear Boy ! Now you ſhall hear, Brother : He is a Son indeed.

Sir Edw. Yes, a very hopeful one : I will not undeceive him, till *Ned* has try'd once more to recover him. *aſide.*

Sir Will. reads. On the tenth of this Month, your Son, my young Maſter, about two of the Clock in the Morning, rode out with his Man *Lolpoop* ; and notwithſtanding all the ſearch and enquiry we can make (Oh Heav'n) he cannot be found or heard of. *He drops the Letter not able to hold it.*

Sir Edw. How's this ?

Sir Will. Oh, my poor Boy! He is Robb'd and Murder'd, and buried in ſome Ditch, or flung into ſome Pond. Oh, I ſhall never ſee thee more, dear *Tim!* The Joy, and the Support of all my Life! The only comfort which I had on earth.

Sir Edw. Have patience Brother; 'tis nothing but a little Ramble in your Abſence.

Sir Will. Oh, no; he durſt not ramble: He was the dutifulleſt Child! I ſhall never ſee his Face again: Look you, he goes on. We have ſearch'd and made enquiry in three adjacent Counties, and no Tidings can be heard of him. What have I done, that Heav'n ſhould thus afflict me?

Sir Edw. What, if after all, this Son ſhould be he that has made all this noiſe in *White Fryers*, for which mine has been ſo blamed?

Sir Will. My Son, my Son play ſuch pranks? that's likely! One ſo ſtrictly, ſo ſoberly Educated! One that is Educated your way cannot do otherwiſe.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, Sir, Sir, mercy upon me, here is my young Maſters Man *Lolpoop*, coming along in the Streets with a Wench.

Enter Lolpoop, *leading* Betty *under the Arm.*

Sir Will. Oh Heaven! What ſay you?

Sir Edw. Now it works, Ha, ha, ha. *To himſelf.*

Betty. How now! What have you to ſay to my Friend, my Dear? *Sir* William *lays hold on* Lolpoop *e're he or ſhe ſees him.*

Sir William *and* Lolpoop *ſtart, and ſtand amaz'd at one another: and after a great pauſe,* Sir William *falls upon* Lolpoop, *beats the Whore, beats* Roger, *ſtrikes at his Brother, and lays about him like a mad man; the Rabble get all about him.*

Sir Will. Sirrah, Rogue, Dog, Villain! Whore! And you Rogue, Rogue! Confound the World! Oh that the world were all on fire.

Sir Edw. Brother, for ſhame be more temperate: Are you a mad man?

Sir Will. Plague of your dull Philoſophy.

Sir Edw. The Rabble are gathered together about you.

Sir Will. Villain, Rogue, Dog, Toad, Serpent! Where's my Son? Sirrah, you have robb'd him and murder'd him.

He beats Lolpoop, *who roars out Murder.*

Lolp. Hold, hold, your Son is alive, and alive like: He is in *London.*

Sir Will. What ſay you Sirrah? in *London*? and is he well? Thanks be to Heaven for that: where is he Sirrah?

Lolp. He is in *White Fryers*, with Mr *Cheatly*, his Couſin *Shamwel*, and Captain *Hackum.* Sir William *pauſes, as amaz'd: Then beats him again.*

Sir Will. And you Rogue, you damn'd Dog, wou'd you ſuffer him to to keep ſuch Company, and commit ſuch villanous Actions?

Lolp. Hold, hold, hold, I pray you, Sir. I am but a ſervant, how could I help it Marry?

Sir.

Sir Will. You cou'd not help being with a Whore your ſelf, Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah. Here honeſt Mob, courſe this Whore to ſome purpoſe. A Whore, a Whore, a Whore. *She runs out, the Rabble run after, and tear her, crying, a Whore, a Whore.*

Sir Edw. This is wiſely done! If they murder her, you'll be hang'd: I am in Commiſſion for *Middleſex*, I muſt ſee to appeaſe them.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Rogue, bring me to my Son inſtantly, or I'll cut your Throat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella, Tereſia, Ruth.

Iſab. Dear *Ruth.* thou doſt for ever oblige us.

Tereſ. And ſo much, that none but our own Mothers could ever do it more.

Ruth. Oblige your ſelves, and be not ſilly, coy, and nice: Strike me when the Iron's hot, I ſay. They have great Eſtates, and are both Friends, I know both their Families and Conditions.

Enter Belfond Junior, *and* Truman.

Here they are: Welcom Friends.

Tru. How doſt thou?

Ruth. Theſe are the Damſels, I will retire, and watch, leſt the old man ſurprize us. *Exit* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Look thee, *Iſabella*, I come to confer with thee, in a matter which concerneth us both, if thou be'ſt free.

Iſab. Friend, 'tis like I am.

Tru. And mine with thee is of the ſame nature.

Tereſ. Proceed.

Belf. Jun. Something within me whiſpereth, that we were made as helps for one another.

Tereſ. They act very well, Couſin.

Iſab. For young beginners. Come, leave off your *Canaantiſh* Dialect, and talk like the Inhabiters of this world.

Tereſ. We are as errant Hypocrites as the beſt of you.

Iſab. We were bred otherwiſe than you ſee, and are able to hear you talk like Gentlemen.

Tereſ. You come to our Meeting like Sparks and Beaux, and I never could perceive much Devotion in you.

Iſab. 'Tis ſuch a pain to diſſemble, that I am reſolv'd I'll never do it, but when I muſt.

Belf. Jun. Dear Madam, I cou'd wiſh all form were laid aſide betwixt us: But in ſhort, I am moſt infinitely in Love with you, and muſt be for ever miſerable if I go without you.

Iſab. A frank and hearty Declaration, which you make with ſo much confidence, I warrant you have been us'd to it.

Tru. There is not a difficulty in the world which I would ſtop at to obtain your Love, the only thing on earth could make me happy.

Tereſ. And you are as much in earneſt now, as you were when you came firſt to us even now.

Iſab. That's well urg'd: Cannot you Gentlemen counterfeit Love, as well as Religion?

Belf. Love is so natural, it cannot be affected.

Tru. To show mine is so, take me at my word: I am ready to render on discretion.

Teref. And was this the reason you frequented our Parish Church?

Belf. Could you think our business was to hear your Teacher spin out an hour, over a Velvet Cushion?

Isab. Prophane men! I warrant they come to *Ogle.*

Tru. Even so: Our Eyes might tell you what we came for.

Belf. Jun. In short, dear Madam, our opportunities are like to be so few, your confinement being so close, that 'tis fit to make use of this; 'tis not your Fortune which I aim at, my Unkle will make a settlement equal to it, were it more; but 'tis your charming Person.

Isab. And you would have me a fine forward Lady, to love *Extempore.*

Belf. Jun. Madam, you have but few Minutes to make use of, and therefore should improve those few: Your Unkle has sold you for 5000*l.* and for ought I know, you have not this night good for your deliverance.

Tru. Consider, Ladies, if you had not better trust a couple of honest Gentlemen, than an old Man, that makes his market of you: For I can tell you, you, tho his own Daughter, are to be sold too.

Teref. But for all that, our consents are to be had.

Belf. Jun. You can look for nothing, but a more strict confinement, which must follow your Refusal: Now, if you have the Courage to venture an Escape, we are the Knights that will relieve you.

Tru. I have an Estate Madam, equal to your Fortune: But I have nothing can deserve your Love: but I'll procure your freedom, then use it as you please.

Belf. Jun. If you are unwilling to trust us, you can trust your Governess, whom you shall have with you.

Isab. And what would you and the world say of us for this?

Belf. Jun. We should adore you: And I am apt to think the world would not condemn your choice.

Tru. But I am sure, all the world will condemn your delay, in the condition you are in. *Enter* Ruth.

Ruth. I see Mr. *Scrapeall* coming at the end of the Street: Begone, I'll bring them to your Chamber in the *Temple*, this Evening. Hast, hast out at the Back-door.

Belf. Jun. This is most unfortunate.

Tru. Dear Madam let me Seal my Vows.

Ruth, Go, go: begon, begon Friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scrapeall, *crosses the Stage; Enter Mrs.* Termagant, *and her Brother.*

Term. You see, Brother, we have dogg'd *Belfond*, till we saw him enter the House of this Scrivener with his Friend *Truman*, both in disguises; which with what we have heard even now, at the neighbouring Alehouse, convinces me that 'tis he is to marry the rich Niece.

Bro. They say she is to be Marry'd to the Son of Sir *William Belfond*, and that Sir *William* gives a great summ of Mony to her Uncle for her; by this it should seem to be the Elder Son, and not our Enemy, who is design'd for her.

Term. If so, the Villain would not at full day go thither.

Bro.

Bro. But 'tis in a disguise.

Term. With that, I suppose the Son pretends to be a Puritan too, or she would not have him: it must be he. And if you will do as I direct you, I warrant I'll break off this Match; and by that work an Exquisite piece of Revenge.

Bro. I am wholly at your dispose.

Term. Now is the time, the Door opens; pursue me with a drawn Dagger, with all the seeming Fury imaginable, now as the old Man comes out.

Scrapeall *passes over the Stage. Brother pursues her with a drawn Dagger, she runs and gets into the House, and claps the Door after her.*

Bro. Where is the Jade? Deliver her to me, I'll cut her into piece meal: Deliver her, I say: Well, you will not deliver her; I shall watch her.

Enters within, Ruth, Teresia, Isabella, *Mrs.* Termagant.

Term. Oh, Oh! Where is the Murderer? Where is he? I die with fear, I die.

Ruth. Prithee, Woman, Comfort thy self, no Man shall hurt thee. Take a Sup of this Bottle. *She pulls out a Silver Strong Water-Bottle.*

Term. Thou art safe.

Isab. We will defend thee here, as in a Castle. But what is the occasion of this Man's fury?

Term. You are so generous, in giving me this Succour, and promising my defence, that I am resolved not to conceal it from you: Tho' I must confess, I have no reason to boast of it; but I hope your Charity will interpret it as well as you can on my side.

Ruth. Go on, thou need'st not fear.

Term. Know then, I am a Gentlewoman, whose Parents dying when I was sixteen, left me a moderate Fortune, yet able to maintain me like their Daughter. I chose an Aunt to be my Guardian, one of those Jolly Widows who love Gaming and have great resort in the Evenings, at their Houses.

Ruth. Good: Proceed.

Term. There it was my misfortune to be acquainted with a young Gentleman, whose Face, Air, Mein, Shape, Wit, and Breeding, not I alone but the whole Town admires.

Ruth. Very good.

Term. By all his Looks, his Gestures, and Addresses, he seemed in Love with me: The Joy that I conceiv'd at this, I wanted Cunning to conceal, but he must needs perceive it flash in my Eyes, and kindle in my Face; he soon began to Court me in such sweet, such Charming Words, as wou'd betray a more experienc'd Heart than mine.

Ruth. Humh: very well; she speaks notably.

Term. There was but little left for him to do, for I had done it all before for him: He had a Friend within to ready too give up the Fort; yet I held out as long as I could make defence.

Ruth. Good lack a day! Some men have strange Charms, it is confess'd.

Term. Yet I was safe by solemn mutual Oaths, in private contracted: He wou'd have it private, because he fear'd to offend an Uncle, from whom he had great expectance: but now came all my Misery.

Ruth. Alack, Alack, I warrant he was false.

Term.

Term. False as a Crocodile: He watch'd the fatal minute, and he found it, and greedily seiz'd upon me, when I trusted to his Honour and his Oath; he still swore on, that he would Marry me, and I sinned on. In short, I had a Daughter by him, now three years old, as true a Copy as e're Nature drew, Beauteous, and Witty, to a Miracle.

Ruth. Nay, Men are faithless, I can speak it.

Teref. Poor Lady; I am strangely concern'd for her.

Isab. She was a fool to be catch'd in so common a snare.

Term. From time to time he swore he would marry me; though I must think I am his Wife as much as any Priest con make me; but still he found excuses about his Unkle. I would have patiently waited till his Unkles Death, had he been true, but he has thrown me off, abandon'd me, without so much as a pretended Crime.

Ruth. Alack, and well a-day! It makes me weep.

Term. But 'tis for an Attorneys Daughter, whom he keeps and now is fond of, while he treats me with all contempt and hatred.

Isab. Tho she was a fool, yet he's a base inhumane Fellow.

Teref. To scorn and hate her, for her Love to him.

Term. By this means, my Dishonour, which had been yet conceal'd, became so publick, my Brother coming from the Wars of *Hungary*, has heard all, has this day fought with the Author of my Misery, but was disarm'd; and now by Accident he spy'd me by your House, I having fled the place where I had lodg'd, for fear of him; and here the bloody Man would have kill'd me, for the dishonour done to his Family, which never yet was blemisht.

Ruth. Get the Chief Justices Warrant, and bind him to the Peace.

Teref. She tells her story well.

Isab. 'Tis a very odd one; but she expresses it so sensible, I cannot but believe her.

Term. If they do not ask me who this is, I have told my Tale in vain. Now Ladies, I hope you have Charity enough to pardon the weakness of a poor young Woman, who suffers shame enough within.

Teref. We shall be glad to do you what kindness we can.

Term. Oh, had you seen this most bewitching person, so Beautiful, Witty, and well bred, and full of most Gentleman-like Qualities, you would be the readier to have compassion on me.

Isab. Who is it?

Term. Alas, 'tis no secret, it is *Belfond*, who calls Sir *Edward Belfond* Father, but is his Nephew.

Isab. What do I hear? was ever Woman so unfortunate as I, in her first Love.

Teref. 'Tis most unlucky.

Term. That is the Niece: I see it was he that was to marry her.

Isab. But I am glad I have thus early heard it: I'll never see his face more.

Ruth. All this is false: He is a pious man, and true professor. This vile woman will break the Match off, and undo my hopes. *Aside.*

Term. 'Tis as I thought. He is a Ranting Blade, a Royster of the Town.

Ruth.

Ruth. Come, you are an idle Woman and belye him, be gone out of the doors; there's the back-way, you need not pretend fear of your Brother.

Term. I am oblig'd enough in the preſent defence you gave me: I intended not to trouble you long; but Heaven can witneſs what I ſay is true.

Iſab. Do you hear Couſin! 'tis moſt certain, I'll never ſee him.

Ruth. Go wicked woman, go, what evil ſpirit ſent thee hither? I ſay be gone.

Term. I go. I care not what ſhe ſays, it works where I would have it. Your Servant Ladies. *Exit.*

Ruth. Go, go, thou wicked Slanderer.

Tereſ. See him but once, to hear what he can ſay in his Defence.

Iſab. Yes, to hear him lye, as all the Sex will: Perſwade me not; I am fix'd.

Ruth. Look thee, *Iſabella.*

Iſab. I am reſolv'd. *Exit* Iſabella *haſtily.*

Tereſ. Dear *Ruth*, thou deareſt Friend, whom once we took for our moſt cruel Goaler, let's follow, and help me to convince her of her Error; but I am reſolv'd, if ſhe be ſtubborn, to undo her ſelf, ſhe ſhall not ruine me: I will eſcape.

Ruth. Let us perſwade her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Belfond *Senior; and* Hackum.

Belf. Sen. Captain, call my Servants, why don't they wait?

Enter Margaret, *and Mrs* Hackum *with a Caudle.*

Oh, my pure *Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Tackle*!

Marg. How doſt thou, my dear?

Mrs. *Hack.* I have brought you a Cawdle here; there's Amber-grieſe in it, 'tis a rare refreſhing, ſtrengthening thing.

Belf. Sen. What, adad, you take me for a Bridegroom; I ſcorn a Cawdle, give me ſome Cherry Brandy, I'le drink her health in a Bumper: Do thee eat this, Child.

Mrs. *Hack.* I have that at hand—here, Sir. *She fetches the Brandy.*

Enter Captain Hackum, *and Servants.*

Belf. Sen. Come, my dear *Natural*, here's a Bumper of Cherry-brandy to thy Health; but firſt let me kiſs thee, my dear Rogue.

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Will.* Some Thunderbolt light on my Head, what's this I ſee?

Belf. Sen. My Father!

Enter Cheatly *and* Shamwell.

Sir *Will.* Hey there's the whole Kennel of Hell hounds.

Cheat. Bear up to him, bow, wow.

Sham. Do not flinch, bow, wow.

Belf. Sen. Bow, wow, Bow, wow.

Sir *Will.* Moſt impudent abandoned Raſcal; let me go, let me come at him; audacious Varlet, how durſt thou look on me?

He endeavours to fly at his Son, Fort men hold him.

Belf. Sen. Go ſtrike your Dogs, and call them names, you have nothing to do with me, I am of full Age; and I thank Heaven, am gotten looſe from your Yoak; don't think to put upon me, I'le be kept no longer like a *Prigſter*, a ſilly *Country Put*, fit for nothing but to be a *Bubble*, a *Cargvan*, or ſo.

Sir.

Sir Will. A moſt perfect downright Canting Rogue; am I not your Father, Sirrah? Sirrah, am I not?

Belf. Sen. Yes, and Tenant for life to my Eſtate in Tail, and I'le look to you, that you commit no waſte: what a Pox, did you think to Noſe me for ever as the ſaying is? I am not ſo *dark* neither, I am *ſharp*, *ſharp* as a *Needle*, I can *ſmoak* now as ſoon as another.

Sir Will. Let me come at him.

Cheat. So long as you forbear all Violence you are ſafe; but if you ſtrike here, we commaud the *Fryers*, and we will raiſe the *Poſſe*.

Sir Will. O Villain! Thou notorious undoer of young Heirs: And thou pernicious Wretch, thou art no part of me; have I from thy firſt ſwaddling nouriſh'd thee and bred thee up with care.

Belf. Sen. Yes, with care to keep your Money from me, and bred me in the greateſt Ignorance, fit for your Slave, and not your Son, I had been finely *dark* if I had ſtaid at home.

Sir Will. Were you not Educated like a Gentleman?

Belf. Sen. No, like a *Graſier*, or a *Butcher*, if I had ſtaid in the Country, I had never ſeen ſuch a *Nab*, a rum Nab, ſuch a Modiſh *Porker*, ſuch ſpruce and neat Accoutrements; here's a *Tattle*, here's a *Famble*, and here's the *Cole*, the *Ready*, the *Rhino*, the *Darby*; I have a luſty *Cod* Old *Prig*, I'd have thee know, and am very *Rhinocerical*, here are *Meggs* and *Smelts* good ſtore, *Decuſes* and *Georges*, the Land is Entail'd, and I will have my *ſnack* of it while I am young, adad, I will. Hah!

Sir Will. Some Mountain cover me, and hide my ſhame for ever from the World; did I not beget thee, Rogue?

Belf. Sen. What know I whether you did or not? But 'twas not to uſe me like a Slave, but I am ſharp and ſmoaky; I had been purely bred, had I been Rul'd by you, I ſhould never have known theſe worthy Iegenious Gentlemen, my dear Friends, all this fine Language had been Heathen Greek to me, and I had ne're been able to have *cut a Sham or Banter* while I had liv'd, adad: Odſookers, I know my ſelf, and will have nothing to do with you.

Sir Will. I am aſtoniſh'd!

Belf. Sen. Shall my younger Brother keep his Coach and Equipage, and ſhine like a *Spruce* Prigg, and I be your *Baily* in the Country? Hi, *La Mar*; bid my Coach be ready at the Door! I'll make him know I am elder Brother, and I will have the Better Liveries, and I am reſolved to *manage* my *Natural*, my *pure Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Peculiar*, my *Tackle*, my *Pureſt Pure*, as the reſt of the young Gentlemen of the Town do.

Sir Will. A moſt confirm'd Alſatian Rogue! *aſide.*
Thou moſt ungracious Wretch to break off from me, at ſuch a time, when I had provided a Wife for you, a Pretty Young Lady, with fifteen thouſand Pound down, have ſerled a great Jointure upon her, and a large Eſtate in Preſent on you, the Writings all ſealed, and nothing wanting but you, whom I had ſent for Poſt out of the Country to marry her!

Belf. Sen. Very likely, that you, who have cudgel'd me from my Cradle, and made me your Slave, and grutch'd me a Crown in my Pocket, ſhould do all this.

Cheat.

Cheat. Believe him not; there's not one word of Truth in it.

Sham. This is a Trick to get you in his Power.

Sir *Will.* The Writings are all at my Attorneys in the *Temple*; you may go with me, and see 'em all; and if you will comply, I'll pardon what is past and marry you.

Belf. Sen. No, no, I am *Sharp.* as I told you, and *smoaky*; you shall not *put* upon me, I understand your Shams; but to talk fairly, in all occurrences of this nature, which either may, or may not be, according to the different accidents which often intervene upon several opportunities, from whence we may collect either Good or Bad, according to the nature of things themselves; and forasmuch as whether they be Good or Bad concerns only the Understanding, so far forth as it employs its Faculties: Now since all this is premised, let us come to the matter in hand.

Sir *Will.* Prodigious Impudence! O Devil! I'll to my Lord Chief Justice, and with his Tipstaff I'll do your Business, Rogues, Dogs and Villains, I will. *Exit in Fury.*

Cheat. This was bravely carried on.

Sham. Most admirably.

Belf. Sen. Ay, was't not! Don't I begin to *Banter* pretty well? ha!

Cheat. Rarely: But a word in private, my resplendent *Prig.* You see your Father resolves to put some Trick upon you; be beforehand with him, and marry this Fortune I have prepar'd; lose no time, but see her, and treat with her, if you like her, as soon as you can.

Belf. Sen. You are in the right, let not my *Blowing* hear a word; I'll to her instantly.

Cheat. Shamwell and I'll go and prepare her for a Visit; you know the place.

Belf. Sen. I do, come along — *Exeunt.*

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, *and Mrs* Termagant, *in her fine Lodgings.*

Cheat. Madam, you must carry your self somewhat Stately, but Curteously, to the Bubble.

Sham. Somewhat reserv'dly, and yet so as to give him hopes.

Term. I warrant you, let me alone,; and if I effect this business, you are the best Friends; such Friends as I could never yet expect: 'Twill be an exquisite Revenge.

Cheat. He comes: Come noble Squire. *Enter* Belfond Senior. Madam this is the Gentleman whom I would recommend to your Ladiships Favour, who is ambitious of kissing your Hand.

Belf. Sen. Yes, Madam, as Mr *Cheatly* says, I am ambitious of kissing your Hand, and your Lip too, Madam; for I vow to Gad, Madam, there is not a Person in the World, Madam, has a greater honour for your Person: And, Madam, I assure you I am a Person ——

Term. My good Friend, Mr *Cheatly*, with whom I intrust the Management of my small Fortune ——

Cheat. Small Fortune! Nay it is a large one ——

Term. Has told me of your Family and Character: To your Name I am no Stranger, nor to your Estate, tho this is the first time I have had the honour to see your Person.

Belf. Sen. Hold, good Madam, the Honour lies on my ſide; ſhe's a rare Lady, ten times handſomer than my *Blowings*: (And here's a Lodging and Furniture for a Queen!) Madam, if your Ladyſhip pleaſe to accept of my Affection in an honourable way, you ſhall find I am no *Putt*, no *Country Prigſter*, nor ſhall ever want the *Meggs*, the *Smelts*, *Decuſes* and *Georges*, the *Ready* and the *Rhino*: I am *Rhinocerical*.

Term. I want nothing Sir, Heaven be thanked.

Sham. Her worſt Servants eat in Plate; and her Maids have all Silver Chamber-pots.

Belf. Sen. Madam, I beg your pardon, I am ſomewhat Bowſie; I have been drinking *Bumpers* and *Facers* till I am almoſt *Cleare*: I have 3000 *l.* a year, and 20000 Pounds worth of Wood, which I can turn into *Cole* and *Ready*, and my Eſtate ne'er the worſe; there's only the Incumbrance of an Old Fellow upon it, and I ſhall break his Heart ſuddenly.

Term. This is a weighty matter, and requires advice: nor is it a ſudden work to perſwade my Heart to Love. I have my choice of Fortunes.

Belf. Sen. Very like Madam: But Mr. *Cheatly* and my Couſin *Shamwell* can tell you that my Occaſions require haſte, dee ſee! and therefore I deſire you to reſolve as ſoon as conveniently you can. *A noiſe of a Tumult without, and Blowing a Horn.*

Cheat. What's this I hear?

Sham. They are up in the *Friers*: Pray Heaven the Sheriffs Officers be not come.

Cheat. 'Slife, 'tis ſo; ſhift for your ſelves; Squire, let me conduct you—— This is your wicked Father with Officers. *Exit.*

Cry without, The Tip-ſtaff, an Arreſt, an Arreſt; and the Horn Blows.

Enter Sir William Belfond, *and a Tip-ſtaff, with the Conſtable and his Watch-men; and againſt them the Poſſe of the* Friers *drawn up, Bankrupts hurrying to eſcape.*

Sir Will. Are you mad to reſiſt the Tip-ſtaff, the King's Authority? *They cry out, An Arreſt. Several flock to 'em with all ſorts of Weapons. Women with Fire-Forks, Spits, Paring ſhovels, &c.*

Enter Cheatly, Shamwel, Belfond *Sen. and* Hackum.

Cheat. We are too ſtrong for 'em: Stand your ground.

Sir *Will.* We demand that ſame *Squire*, *Cheatly*, *Shamwell*, and *Bully Hackum*: Deliver them up, and all the reſt of you are ſafe.

Hack. Not a Man.

Sir *Will.* Nay then, have at you.

Tip ſt. I charge you, in the King's Name, all to aſſiſt me.

Rabble. Fall on.

Cheat. Come on, thou wicked Author of this Broil. You are our Priſoner.

Rabble beat the Conſtable and the reſt run into the Temple. Tip-ſtaff runs away. They take Sir William *Priſoner.*

Sir *Will.* Let me go, Rogue.

Sham. Now we have you in the Temple, we'll ſhew you the Pump firſt.

Sir *Will.* Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

Sham. To the Pump, to the Pump.

Hack. Pump him, Pump him.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Ah, Pump him, Pump him, Old Prig.

Rabb. Pump, Pump, to the Pump; Huzza!

Enter Belfond *Junior*, Truman, *and several Gentlemen, Porter of the Temple, and* Belfond's *Footman.*

Belf. Jun. What's the matter here?

Trum. The Rabble have catcht a Bailiff.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell, 'tis my Father? 'tis a Gentleman, my Father. Gentlemen, I beseech you lend me your hands to his Rescue.

Tru. Come on, Rascals: Have we caught you? We'll make you an Example.

Belf. Jun. Here! where are Officers of the Temple? Porter, do you shut the Gates into *White Friers.*

Port. I will, Sir.

All Draw, and fall upon the Rabble. Belfond *Sen. runs first away. The Templers beat 'em and take* Cheatly, Shamwell *and* Hackum *Prisoners.*

Belf. Jun. Here's a Guinea among ye. See these three Rogues well Pumpt, and let 'em go through the whole Course.

Cheat. Hold, hold, I am a Gentleman.

Sham. I am your Cousin.

Hack. Hold hold Scoundrel, I am a Captain.

Belf. Jun. Away with 'em.

Sir *Will.* Away with 'em. Dear Son, I am infinitely oblig'd to you: I ask your pardon for all that I have said against you: I have wrong'd you.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, reflect not on that; I am resolv'd, e'r I have done, to deserve your good Word.

Sir *Will.* 'Twas ill Fortune, we have miss'd my most ungracious Rebel, that Monster of Villany.

Belf. Jun. Let me alone with him Sir, upon my Honour I will deliver him safe this Night. But now let us see the Execution.

Sir *Will.* Dear *Ned*, you bring Tears into my Eyes. Let me embrace thee, my only Comfort now.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, let's on and see the Justice of this place. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum.

Cheat. O Unmerciful Dogs! Were ever Gentlemen us'd thus before? I am drencht into a Quartan Ague.

Sham. My Limbs are stiff and numb'd all over: But where I am beaten and bruis'd, there I have some Sense left.

Hack. Dry blows I could have born magnanimously; but to be made such a Sop of——Besides, I have had the worst of it, by wearing my own Hair; to be Shav'd all on one side, and with a Lather made of Channel-dirt, instead of a

Wash-ball: I have lost half the best Head of Hair in the Fryers; and a Whisker worth Fifty Pound in its Intrinsick Value to a Commander.

Cheat. Indeed your Magnanimous Phyz is somewhat disfigur'd by it, Captain.

Sham. You Military Countenance has lost much of its Ornament.

Hack. I am as disconsolate as a Bee that has lost his Sting; the other Moity of Whisker must follow: Then all the terror of my Face is gone; that Face that us'd to fright young Priggs into Submission. I shall now look but like an Ordinary Man.

Cheat. We'll swinge these Rogues with Indictments for a Riot, and with Actions *Sans Nombre.*

Sham. What Reparation will that be? I am a Gentleman, and can never shew my Face among my Kindred more.

Cheat. We that can shew our Faces after what we have done, may well shew 'em after what we have suffer'd. Great Souls are above Ordinances, and never can be Slaves to Fame.

Hack. My Honor is tender, and this one Affront will cost me at least five Murders.

Cheat. Let's not prate and shiver in cold Fits here, but call your Wife with the Cherry-Brandy, and let's ask after the Squire: If they have taken him, 'tis the worst part of the Story.

Hack. No, I saw the Squire run into the *Friers* at first. But I'll go fetch some Cherry Brandy, and that will comfort us. *Steps in for Brandy.* Here's the Bottle, let's drink by Word of Mouth. *Drinks.*

Cheat. Your Cherry-Brandy is most soveraign and edifying. *Cheatly drinks.*

Sham. Most exceeding comfortable after our *Temple pickling.* *Drinks.*

Cheat. A Fish has a damn'd life on't; I shall have that Aversion to Water, after this — that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my Face again.

Hack. Well! I'll to the Barbers and get my self shav'd; then go to the Squire, and be new Accouter'd. *Exit.* Hack.

Cheat. Dear *Shamwell*, we must not for a little Affliction, forget our main Business, our Caravan must be well managed: He is now drunk, and when he wakes, will be very fit to be marry'd. Mrs *Termagant* has given us a Judgment of 2000 *l.* upon that Condition.

Sham. The sooner we dispose of him, the better; for all his Kindred are bent to retrieve him; and the Temple joyning in the War against us, will be too hard for us; so that we must make what we can of him immediately.

Cheat. If he should be once Cool, or Irresolute, we have lost him, and all our hopes; but when he have sufficiently dipt him, as we shall by this Marriage and her Judgment, he is our own for ever.

Sham. But what shall we do for our *White-Fryars Chaplain*, our *Alsatian* Divine? I was in search of him before our late Misfortune, and the Rogue is hol'd somewhere, I could not find him, and we are undone without him.

Cheat. 'Tis true; pray go instantly and find him out; he dares not stir out of his Covert; beat it well all over for him; you'll find him tapes'd in some Ale-house, Bawdy-house, or Brandy-shop.

Sham. He's a brave swinging Orthodox, and will marry any Couple at any time

time; he defies Licence and Canonical Hours, and all those fooliſh Ceremonies.

Cheat. Prithe look after him, while I go to prepare the Lady.

Sham. You Rogue, *Cheatly*, you have a loving Deſign upon her; you will go to twelve with the Squire: If you do, I will have my ſnack.

Cheat. Go, go, you are a Wag. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Ruth, Belfond *Junior*, *and* Truman *at* Scrapeall's *Houſe.*

Ruth: She told her tale ſo paſſionately, that *Iſabella* believes every word of it; and is reſolv'd, as ſhe ſays, never to ſee thee more.

Belf. Jun. Oh, this moſt malicious, and moſt infamous of her Sex; there is not the leaſt truth in her Accuſation.

Tru. That to my Knowledge, he is not a Man of thoſe Principles.

Ruth. I will ſend them to you, if I can; and in the mean time be upon the Watch.

Tru. Take this Writing with thee; which is a Bond from us, to make good our Agreement with thee.

Ruth. 'Tis well, and ſtill I doubt not to perform my part. *Exit.*

Belf. Jun. Was ever man plagued with a Wench like me? Well, ſay what they will, the Life of a Whore-maſter is a fooliſh, reſtleſs, anxious life; and there's an end on't. What can be done with this Malicious Devil? A Man cannot offer violence to a Woman.

Tru. Steal away her Child, and then you may awe her.

Belf. Jun. I have Emiſſaries abroad, to find out the Child; but ſhe'll Sacrifice that, and all the World to her Revenge.

Tru. You muſt Arreſt her upon a Swinging Action, which ſhe cannot get Bayl for, and keep her till ſhe is humbled,

Enter Tereſia.

Madam, I kiſs your hands.

Tereſ. You have done well, Mr. *Belfond*: Here has been a Lady, whom you have had a Child by, were Contracted to, and have deſerted, for an Attorney's Daughter which you keep; my Couſin ſays ſhe will never ſee you more.

Belf. Jun. If this be true, Madam, I deſerve never to ſee her more; which would be worſe than Death to me.

Tereſ. I have prevail'd with her once more to ſee you, and hear what you can ſay to to this: Come, come, Couſin. *She leads in* Iſab. Look you, Couſin, Mr. *Belfond* denies all this matter.

Iſab. I never doubted that: but certainly it is impoſſible to counterfeit ſo livelily as ſhe did.

Belf. Jun. Heaven be my Witneſs that her Accuſation is falſe; I never was yet contracted to any Woman, nor made the leaſt promiſe, or gave any one the leaſt hope of it; and if I do not demonſtrate my innocence to you, I will be content for ever to be debarr'd the ſight of you, more priz'd by me than Liberty, or Life.

Iſab. And yet pehaps theſe very words were ſaid to her.

Tru. Madam, you have not time, if you value your own Liberty, to argue any longer: We will carry you to Sir *Edward Belfond*'s, his Siſter is his Houſe-keeper, and there you may be entertain'd with ſafety of your Honour.

Tereſ.

Tereſ. He is eſteem'd a Worthy Genteleman; nor cou'd we chuſe a better Guardian.

Iſab. At leaſt how could you uſe a Woman ill you had a Child by.

Belf. Jun. Not all the Malice of Mankind can equal hers. I have been frail, I muſt confeſs, as others; and though I have provided for her and her Child, yet every day ſhe does me all the outrageous miſchief ſhe can poſſibly conceive; but this has touch'd me in tendereſt point.

Iſab. 'Twould be much for my Honour, to put my ſelf into the hands of a known Wencher.

Belf. Jun. Into the hands of one, who has abandon'd all the thoughts of Vice and Folly for you.

Tru. Beſides, Madam, you neither of you truſt us; your Governeſs is with you, and yet we are ready to make good our words by the aſſiſtance of the Parſon.

Tereſ. That's another point: But I am ſure, Couſin, there is no dallying about our Liberty: If you be in love with your Jayl, ſtay; I, for my part, am reſolved to go.

Belf. Jun. My Unkle's a vertuous honourable Man; my Aunt, his Siſter, a Lady of great Piety: think if you will not be ſafer there, than with your Unkle, by whom you are ſold for 5000 *l.* to my knowledge, to one who is the moſt the debauch'd diſſolute Fellow this day in *London.*

Tereſ. Liberty, liberty, I ſay; I'll truſt my ſelf and my Governeſs.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Haſte, and agree: Your Father has ſent to have Supper ready in leſs than half an hour.

Tereſ. Away, away; I am ready; Couſin, farewel.

Belf. Jun. For Heavens ſake, Madam, on my Knees I beg you to make uſe of this occaſion, or you have loſt your ſelf; and I too ſhall for ever loſe you for Marriage; which alone can keep me from being the moſt miſerable: you may adviſe, and all things ſhall be cleared up to your wiſh.

Tereſ. Farewel, Dear Couſin, let's kiſs at parting.

Iſabel. Sure thou haſt not the Conſcience; thou wilt not leave me?

Tereſ. By my Troth but I will.

Iſab. By my Troth but you ſhall not; for I'le go with thee.

Belf. Jun. May all the joys of Life for ever wait on you.

Ruth. Haſte! haſte! begone —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir *Will.* That I ſhould live to this unhappy Age! to ſee the fruit of all my hopes thus blaſted: How long, like Chymiſts, have I watch'd and toil'd? and in the minute when I expected to have ſeen Projection, all is blown up in Fumo.

Enter Sir Edward.

Brother! I am aſham'd to look on you, my diſappointment is ſo great. Oh this moſt wicked Recreant! this perverſe and infamous Son.

Sir *Edw.* Brother, a Wiſe Man is never diſappointed. Man's Life is like a Game at Tables; if at any time the Caſt you moſt ſhall need does not come up, let that which comes inſtead of it be mended by your Play.

Sir

Sir *Will.* How different have been our Fates? I left the pleasures of the Town to Marry, which was no small Bondage, had Children, which brought more care upon me: For their sakes I liv'd a rustick, painful, hard, severe, and melancholy Life: Morose, inhospitable, sparing even Necessaries: Tenacious, even to griping, for their good: My Neighbours shunn'd me, my Friends neglected me, my Children hate me, and wish my Death: Nay, this wicked Son in whom I have set up my Rest, and principally for whose Good I thus had liv'd, has now defeated all my hopes.

Sir *Edw.* 'Twas your own choice: you would not learn from others.

Sir *Will.* You have liv'd ever at ease, indulg'd all Pleasures, and melted down your time in daily Feasts, and in continual Revels: Gentle, Complaisant, Affable, and Liberal, and at great expence: The World speaks well of you; Mankind embrace you! your Son loves you, and wishes your Life as much as he can do his own. But I'll perplex my self no more: I look upon this Rascal as an Excrement, a Wen, or Gangreen'd Limb, lopt off.

Sir *Edw.* Rather look on him as a Dislocated one, and get him set again: By this time you see, Severity will do nothing, entice him back to you by Love. In short, give him Liberty and a good Allowance: There now remains no other way to reclaim him; for like a Stone-horse broke in among the Mares, no Fence hereafter will contain him.

Sir *Will.* Brother, I look upon you as a true Friend, that would not insult upon my Folly and Presumption, and confess you are nearer to the right than I: Your Son I hope will be a Comfort to me.

Sir *Edw.* I doubt it not; but consider, if you do not reconcile your self, and reclaim yours as I tell you, you lop off the Paternal Estate, which is all entail'd for ever upon your Family: For, in the Course he is, the Reversion will be gone in your Life time.

Enter Belfond *Jun.* Truman, Isabella, Teresia, *and* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Here are my Father and my Unkle: Mask your selves, Ladies; you must not yet discover who you are.

Sir *Edw.* Yonder's *Ned*, and his Friend, with Ladies Mask'd: Who shou'd they be.

Sir *Will.* Whores, Whores, what should they be else? Here's a Comfortable Sight again! He is incorrigible.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis you that are incorrigible: How ready are you with your Censures!

Belf. Jun. Sir, pardon the freedom I use with you; I humbly desire protection for these Ladies in your House: They are Women of Honour, I do assure you, and desire to be conceal'd for some small time; an Hour hence I will discover all to you, and you will then approve of what I do.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Ned*, I will trust thy Honour, and without any examination, do as you would have me.

Sir *Will.* Why, Baother, what a Pox, will you pimp for your Son? What a Devil, will you make your House a Bawdy House?

Sir *Edw.* What, will the Must never be gotten out of your old Vessel? Ladies, be pleas'd to Honour my House; and be assur'd, that while you are there, 'tis

'tis yours. *He waits on the Ladies, and* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Sir, my Friend and I are juſt now going to do you Service; I'll pawn my Life to you Sir, I will retrieve your Rebel Son, and immediately reſtore him to you, and bring him, as he ought to come, on's Knees, with a full Submiſſion.

Sir *Will.* You will oblige me: Thou gain'ſt upon me hourly, and I begin to love thee more and more.

Belf. Jun. There's nothing in the world I aim at now but your Love; and I will be bold to ſay, I ſhortly will deſerve it: But this Buſineſs requires haſte, for I have laid every thing ready; 'tis almoſt Bed time; come Friend.

Exit with Truman.

Sir *Will.* Well, I'll ſay that for him, he is a good natur'd boy; it makes me weep, to think how harſh I have been to him. I'll in to my Brother, and expect the event.

Enter Belfond Senior, Shamwell, *and* Hackum.

Cheat. I value not misfortune, ſo long as I have my dear Friend ſtill within my Arms.

Sham. My dear, dear Couſin! I will hug thee cloſe to me; I fear'd to have loſt thee.

Belf. Sen. How happy am I in the trueſt, the deareſt Friends that ever man enjoy'd! Well, I was ſo afflicted for you, I was forced to make my ſelf Deviliſh Bowſie to comfort me.

Cheat. Your Brother has heard of this great Match you are towards: She has to my knowledge, (for I do all her Law buſineſs for her) 1500*l.* a year Jointure, and Ten Thouſand Pound in Plate, Money, and Jewels; and this damn'd Envious Brother of yours will break it off, if you make not haſte and prevent him.

Belf. Sen. My dear Friends, you are in the right: never man met with ſuch before. I'll diſappoint the Rogue my Brother, and the old Prig my Father; adad, I'll do it inſtantly.

Cheat. Come, Squire, haſte: Captain do you follow us. *Exeunt.*

Scene Changes to Mrs. Termagant's *fine Lodgings.*

Enter Belfond Senior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, *Parſon*: *Mrs* Termagant *and her Servants.*

Cheat. Madam, the time admits of no longer deliberation; if you take not this opportunity, my Friend here will be raviſh'd from us.

Belf. Sen. Ay, Madam, if you take me not now, you will loſe me Madam, you will conſider what you do.

Term. Well, Mr. *Cheatly*, you diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe. I have ever been guided by your wiſe advice.

Sham. Come, Parſon, do your Office, have you your Book about ye?

Parſ. What, do you think I am without the Tools of my Trade?

Cheat. Can't you come preſently to the joyning of hands, and leave out the reſt of the formalities.

Parſ. Ay, ay: Come, ſtand forth. Belford Sen. *and Mrs* Termagant *ſtand forth.*

Enter

Enter Belfond *Junior*, Truman, *Conſtable, Serjeant, Muſqueteers.*

Belf. Jun. Here they are! Seize them all.

Cheat. Hell and Damnation! We are all undone.

Belf. Sen. Hands off; let me alone: I am going to be Marry'd. You envious Raſcal to come juſt in the Nick.

Belf. Jun. Brother, be ſatisfy'd there's nothing but Honour meant to you: 'tis for your Service.

Term. Oh this accurſed Wretch, to come in this unlucky minute, and ruin my fortune.

Belf. Sen. She has fifteen hundred a year Joynture, and ten thouſand pound in Money, *&c.* and I had been marry'd to her in 3 minutes.

Belf. Jun. You have ſcap'd the worſt of Ruins; reſiſt not, if you do, you ſhall be carried by Head and Heels. Your Father will receive you, and be kind; and give you as good an Allowance as ever I had.

Sham. Where's your Warrant?

Conſt. 'Tis here, from my Lord Chief Juſtice.

Belf. Jun. Let me ſee your Bride that was to be. Oh Mrs *Termagant*! Oh Horror! Horror! What a Ruin have you ſcap'd! This was my Miſtreſs, and ſtill maintain'd by me: I have a Child by her 3 years old.

Term. Impudent Villain! How dare you lye ſo baſely?

Belf. Jun. By Heaven 'tis true.

Term. I never ſaw him in my life before.

Belf. Jun Yes, often, to my Plague. Brother, if I do not prove this to you, believe me not in ought I e're ſhall ſay.

Termagant *goes to ſtab at* Belfond *Jun.* Truman *lays hold on her.*

Tru. Belfond, look to your ſelf.

Belf. Jun. Ha! Diſarm her. This is another ſhow of her good Nature. Brother, give me your hand, I'll wait on you; and you will thank me for your deliverance.

Tru. I am aſſur'd you will: You are delivered from the moſt infamous, and deſtructive Villains, that ever yet took Sanctuary here.

Belf. Jun. And from two miſchiefs you muſt have for ever ſunk under, Inceſt and Beggery. Thoſe three are only in the Warrant with my Brother; him I'll wait upon, bring you the reſt. Hey! the cry is up; but we are provided.

A great noiſe in the Streets, and the Horn blowing; an Arreſt, an Arreſt.

Cheat. Undone, undone, all's loſt!

Sham. Ruin'd; for ever loſt!

Hack. I am ſurpriz'd, and cannot fight my way through.

Belf. S. What, are all theſe Rogues? and that a Whore? and am I cheated?

Belf. Jun. Even ſo; come along, make ready Musketeers. Do you take care of my Brother, and conduct him with the reſt to my Unkles Houſe: I muſt go before, and carry my little Miſtreſs, to make up the buſineſs with her Father.

Tru. I'll do it, I warrant you.

Serjeant. We are ready. *Exeunt all but three* Termagant.

Term. Oh vile misfortune! had he but ſtaid ſix minutes, I had Crown'd all

my Revenge with one brave Act, in marrying of his Brother. Well, I have one piece of Vengeance, which I will execute, or perish; Besides I'll have his Blood, and then I'll dye contented.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Belfond *Junior*, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Truman, *Constable, Serjeant, Guards.*

Tru. What do all these Rabble here?

Const. Fire amongst 'em.

Serj. Present. *The Debtors run up and down, some without their Breeches, others without their Coats; some out of Balconies; some crying out, Oars, Oars, Sculler, five pound for a Boat, ten pound for a Boat, twenty pound for a Boat. The Inhabitants all come out arm'd as before; but as soon as they see the Musqueteers they run, and every one shifts for himself.*

Tru. Hey how they run! *Exeunt.*

Enter in Sir Edward's *House, Sir* Edward Belfond, *an* Attorney.

Sir *Edw.* This is the time I appointed my Son to bring your Daughter hither: The Witness is a most malicious lying Wench, and can never have credit. Besides, you know an Action will sufficiently stop her Mouth; for, were it true, she can never prove what she says.

Attor. You say right, Sir: next to her being innocent, is the concealing of her shame.

Enter Belfond Jun. *and* Lucia.

Luc. And can I live to hear my fatal Sentence of parting with you? Hold Heart a little.

Belf. Jun. It is with some Convulsions I am torn from you; but I must Marry, I cannot help it.

Luc. And must I never see you more?

Belf. Jun. As a Lover, never; but your Friend I'll be while I have breath.

Luc. to her self. Heart, do not swell so. This has awakned me, and made me see my Crime: Oh, that it had been sooner.

Belf. Jun. Sir, I beg a thousand pardons, that I should attempt to injure your Family, for it has gone no further yet: For any Fact, she's innocent: but 'twas no thanks to me, I am not so. (If a Lie be ever lawful, 'tis in this case.) *Aside.*

Sir *Edw.* Come, pretty Lady, let me present you to your Father: Tho as my Son says, she's innocent; yet, because his Love had gone so far, I present her with 1500 *l.* my Son and you shall be Trustees for her: To morrow you shall have the Money.

Belf. Jun. You are the best of all Mankind.

Attor. All the World speaks your Praises justly.

Luc. A Thousand Thanks, Sir, for your Bounty: And if my Father please to pardon me this slip, in which I was so far from fact, that I had scarce intention, I will hereafter outlive the strictest Nun.

Attor. Rise; I do pardon you.

Sir Edw. That's well: And if they be not kind to you, appeal to me. It will be

be fit for you to go from hence with the leaſt notice that can be: To Morrow I'll bring the Money. Who are the Ladies you have entruſted me with, *Ned*?

Exit Attorney and Lucia.

Belf. Jun. *Scrapeall's* Niece and Daughter! The Niece my Father was to give 5000 *l.* for, for his Son: If you will give me leave, I ſhall Marry her for nothing; and the other will take my Friend ——

Sir *Edw.* How *Ned*! She's a Puritan?

Belf. Jun. No more than you, Sir: She was bred otherwiſe, but was fain to comply for peace; ſhe is Beautiful, and Witty to a Miracle; and I beg your conſent, for I will die before I Marry without it.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Ned*, thou haſt it; but what haſt thou done with the *Alſatians*?

Belf. Jun. I have the Rogues in Cuſtody, and my Brother too; whom I Reſcu'd in the very Minute he was going to be Marry'd to a Whore; to my Whore, who plagues me continually, I ſee my Father coming, pray prepare him, while I prepare my Brother for a meeting with him; he ſhall not ſee me. *Exit.*

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir *Will.* Your Servant Brother: No News of *Ned* yet?

Sir *Edw.* Oh, yes; he has your Son, and the three Rogues in Cuſtody, and will bring them hither: Brother, pray reſolve not to loſe a Son; but uſe him kindly, and forgive him.

Sir *Will.* I will, Brother: And let him ſpend what he will, I'll come up to *London*, Feaſt and Revel, and never take a Minutes care while I breath again.

Enter a Servant to Sir Edward.

Servant. Sir, a young Gentleman would ſpeak with you.

Sir *Edw.* Bid him come in.

Enter Mrs Termagant *in Mans Cloaths.*

Term. If you be Sir *Edward Belfond*, I come to tell you, what concerns your Honour, and my Love.

Sir *Edw.* I am he.

Term. Know then, Sir, I am informed your Brother, Sir *William Belfond's* Son, is to marry *Iſabella* the Niece of Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir *Edw.* What then Sir?

Term. Then he invades my right, I have been many Months Contracted to her, and as you are a Man of Honour, I muſt tell you, we have ſeal'd that Contract with Mutual Enjoyments.

Sir *Will.* How! What was my Son to Marry a Whore? I'll to this Damn'd Fellow inſtantly, and make him give up my Articles.

Sir *Edw.* Have patience; be not too raſh.

Sir *Will.* Patience! What, to have my Son Marry a Whore.

Sir *Edw.* Look you Brother, you muſt ſtay a moment.

Enter Belfond Junior.

Sir *Will.* Oh *Ned*, your Brother has ſcaped a fine Match: This ſame *Iſabella* is Contracted to, and has been Enjoy'd by this Gentleman, as he calls it: He had like to have Marry'd a Whore.

Belf. Jun. Yes, that he had; but I will cut the Throat of him that affirms that of *Iſabella*.

Term. Sir, I demand the protection of your House.

Sir Edw. Hold, Son.

Term. What Devil sent him hither at this time? *aside.*

Belf. Jun. I'll bring them to Confront this Rogue, what a Devil's this? Have we another Brother of that Devil *Termagant*'s here?

Sir Edw. This is a very odd Story.

Sir Will. Let me go, Brother; 'tis true enough. But what makes *Ned* concern'd?

Sir Edw. Let us examine yet farther.

Enter Belfond Junior, *with* Isabella, Teresia, Ruth, *and* Truman.

Sir Will. Look, here they are all: How the Devil comes this about?

Term. O Madam, are you here! I claim your Contract, which I suppose, will not offend you.

Isab. What means this Impudent Fellow? I ne're saw his Face before.

Term. Yes Madam, you have seen, and more than seen me often since we were Contracted.

Isab. What Instrument of Villany is this?

Term. Nay, if you deny: Friends come in.

Enter two Alsatian *Affidavit Men.*

Friends, do you know this Gentlewoman.

1. *Witness.* Yes, she is Mr *Scrapeall*'s Niece.

2. *Witness.* We were both Witnesses to a Contract of Marriage between you two.

Isab. Oh Impious Wretches! What Conspiracy is this!

Sir Will. Can any thing be more plain? They seem Civil, Grave, Substantial Men.

Belf. Jun. Hold, hold, have I found ye? 'Tis she, it could be no other Devil but her self. *He pulls of her Peruke.*

Sir Will. A Woman.

Sir Edw. Secure those Witnesses.

Belf. Jun. A Woman! No: She has out-sinn'd her Sex, and is a Devil. Oh Devil, most compleat Devil! This is the Lady I have been so much of late obliged to.

Isab. This is she that told us the fine Story to day.

Teres. I know her Face again: Most Infamous Lying Creature!

Term. I am become desperate: Have at thee. *She snaps a Pistol at* Belfond, *which only flashes in the Pan, the Ladies shriek.*

Belf. Jun. Thank you Madam: Are you not a Devil? 'Twas loaden, 'twas well meant truly. *Takes the Pistol from her.*

Sir Edw. Lay hold on her: I'll send her to a place where she shall be tam'd. I never yet heard of such a malice.

Sir Will. Dear *Ned*, thou hast so obliged me; thou melteſt my Heart, That thou shoud'st steal away those Ladies, and save me 5000*l.* Now I hope, Madam my Son *Tim* shall be your Husband without bargain and sale.

Isab. No: I can assure you, Sir, I would never have perform'd that bargain of my Unkles: We had determin'd to dispose of our selves before that; and now are more resolv'd.

Exit.

Teref. We have broken Priſon, by the help of theſe Gentlemen, and I think we muſt e'en take the Authors of our Liberty.

Iſab. Will not that be a little hard, Couſin, to take their Liberty from them, who have given it to us?

Sir Will. Well, I am diſappointed, but cannot blame thee, *Ned.* Truman goes to Teref.

Enter Belfond Senior.

Sir Edw. Your Son: Pray uſe him kindly.

Belf. Sen. I have been betray'd, cheated, and abus'd: Upon my Knees I beg your pardon, and never will offend you more, adad, I will not: I thought they had been the honeſteſt, the fineſt Gentlemen in *England*; and it ſeems they are Rogues, Cheats and Blockheads.

Sir Will. Riſe *Tim.* I profeſs thou makeſt me weep, thou haſt ſubdu'd me; I forgive thee, I ſee all human Care is vain, I will allow thee 500*l.* a year, and come and live with eaſe and pleaſure: I'll Feaſt and Revel, and wear my ſelf with Pain and Care no more.

Belf. Sen. A thouſand thanks: I'll never diſpleaſe you while I live agen; adad I won't. Here's an alteration; I never had a good word from him before.

Sir Will. I would have married you to that pretty Lady: but your Brother was too hard for you.

Belf. Sen. She's very pretty: but 'tis no matter. I am in no ſuch haſte, but I can ſtay and ſee the world firſt.

Sir Edw. Welcome dear Nephew, to my Houſe and me: And now my dear Son be free, and before all this Company let me know all the Incumbrances you have upon you.

Belf. Jun. That good natur'd Lady is the only one that's heavy upon me, I have her Child in my poſſeſſion, which ſhe ſays is mine.

Term. Has he my Child, then I am undone for ever—Oh curs'd misfortune!

Sir Edw. Look you Madam, I will ſettle an Annuity of 100*l.* a year upon you, ſo long as you ſhall not diſturb my Son: And for your Child, I'll breed her up and provide for her like a Gentlewoman: But if you are not quiet you ſhall never ſee her more.

Term. You ſpeak like a noble Gentleman: I'll ſtrive to compoſe my ſelf. I am at laſt ſubdu'd, but will not ſtay to ſee the Triumphs ——— *Ex. haſtily.*

Sir Edw. Well, dear *Ned*, doſt owe any Money?

Belf. Jun. No, my dear Father, no: You have been too bountiful for that; I have five hundred Guineas in my Cabinet.

Sir Edw. Now Madam, if you pleaſe to accept him for a Husband, I will ſettle 1500*l.* a year on him in preſent, which ſhall be your Jointure. Beſides that, your own Money ſhall be laid out in Land and ſettled on you too. And at my Death the reſt of my Eſtate.

Iſab. You do me too much Honour, you much out bid my value.

Belf. Jun. You beſt of Fathers, and of all Mankind, I throw my ſelf thus at your Feet; let me embrace your knees, and kiſs theſe hands.

Sir Edw. Come riſe, and kiſs theſe hands.

Belf. Jun. A long farewel to all the Vanity and Lewdneſs of youth; I offer my ſelf at your feet as a Sacrifice without a blemiſh now.

Isab. Rise, I beseech you, rise.

Teresa. Your offers, Sir, are better much than I could expect or can deserve.

Tru. That's impossible: The Wealth of both the *Indies* could not buy you from me I am sure.

Ruth. Come, come, I have been Governess, I know their minds. Come give your hands where you have given your hearts. Here friend *Truman*: first take this.

Teresa. My Governess will have it so.

Sir. Edw. Joy Sir be ever with you: Please to make my House your own.

Isab. How can I be secure you will not fall to your old courses agen.

Belf. Jun. I have been so sincere in my Confessions, you may trust me; but I call Heav'n to witness, I will hereafter be entirely yours. I look on Marriage as the most solemn Vow a man can make; and 'tis by consequence, the basest Perjury to break it.

Ruth. Come, come, I know your mind too, take him, take him.

Isab. If Fate will have it so.

Belf. Jun. Let me receive this blessing on my knees.

Isab. You are very devout of late.

Sir Edw. A thousand blessings on you both.

Sir Will. Perpetual happiness attend you both.

Belf. Sen. Brother and Madam! I wish you joy from my heart, adad I do; Tho between you and I Brother, I intend to have my swing at Whoring, and Drinking, as you had, before I come to it tho.

Sir Edw. Here: bring in these Rogues.

The Constable brings in Cheatly, Shamwell, *and* Hackum.

Come Rascals, I shall take care to see examples made of you.

Cheat. We have substantial Bail.

Sir Edw. I'll see it shall be substantial Bail: it is my Lord Chief Justices Warrant, returnable to none but him: But I will prosecute you, I assure you.

Cheat. Squire, dear Squire.

Hack. Good noble Squire speak for us.

Sham. Dear Cousin!

Belf. Sen. Oh Rogues: Cousin, you have couzen'd me; you made a *Putt*, a *Caravan*, a *Bubble* of me: I gave a Judgment for 1600*l.* and had but 250, but there's some Goods they talk of, but if ere I am catch'd again I'll be hang'd.

Sir Will. Unconscionable Villains! The Chancery shall relieve us.

Sir Ed. I'll rout this knot of most pernicious Knaves, for all the Privilege of your Place. Was ever such impudence suffer'd in a Government? *Ireland*'s Conquer'd: *Wales* Subdu'd: *Scotland* United: But there are some few spots of Ground in *London*, just in the face of the Government, unconquer'd yet, that hold in Rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange, that places so near the Kings Palace should be no parts of his Dominions. 'Tis a shame to the Societies of the Law to countenance such practices: Should any place be shut against the Kings Writ, or *Posse Comitatus*? Take them away and those two Witnesses.

The Constables and Watch take em away.

Belf. Sen. Away with 'em; Rogues! Rascals, damn'd Priggs.

Sir

Sir *Edw.* Come Ladies, I have ſent for ſome Neighbours to rejoyce with us. We have Fiddles: Let's dance a brisk round or two, and then we'll make a Collation.

In the Flouriſh before the Dance enter Scrapeall.

Scrap. Oh Sir *William*, I am undone, ruin'd; the Birds are flown, Read the Note they left behind 'em.

Sir *Will.* Peace, they are Dancing, they have diſpos'd of themſelves.

Scrap. Oh ſeed of Serpents! Am I cheated then? I'll try a trick of Law, you Froggs of the bottomleſs Pit, I will and inſtantly —— What Dancing too? then they are fallen indeed.

They dance. *Exit* Scrapeall *haſtily.*

Sir *Edward.* Come Brother, now who has been in the right, you or I?

Sir *Will.* You have: Prithee do not Triumph.

Belf. Jun. Farewel for ever all the Vice of the Age:
There is no peace but in a virtuous Life,
Nor laſting Joy but in a tender Wife.

Sir *Edw.* You, that would breed your Children well, by Kindneſs and Liberality endear 'em to you: And teach 'em by Example.
Severity ſpoils ten, for one it mends:
If you'd not have your Sons deſire your ends,
By Gentleneſs and Bounty make thoſe Sons your Friends.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs *Mountford.*

YE mighty ſcowrers of theſe narrow Seas,
Who ſuffer not a Bark to ſail in peace,
But with your Fire of Culverins ye roar,
Bring 'em by th' Lee, and Ranſmage all their ſtore;
Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
At every Shot that whiſtled o're his Head.
Frequent Engagements ne're could make him bold,
He ſneak'd into a corner of the Hold.
Since he ſubmits, pray eaſe him of his fear,
And with a joynt Applauſe bid him appear,
Good Criticks don't inſult and domineer.

He

He fears not Sparks, who with brisk dress and mien,
Come not to hear or see, but to be seen.
Each prunes himsel, fand with a languishing Eye,
Design to kill a Lady by the by.
Let each fantastick ugly Beau and Shape,
Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
Admire himself, and let the Poet scape.
Ladies, Your Anger most he apprehends,
And is grown past the Age of making Friends
Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
No Princess frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
Nor is weak sense embroider'd with strong lines;
No Battles, Trumpets, Drums, nor any dye,
No Mortal Wounds to please your Cruelty;
Who like not any thing but Tragedy
With fond, unnatural extravagancies,
Stoln from the silly Authors of Romances.
Let such the Chamber-maids diversion be,
Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
For when we make you merry, you must own
You are much prettier than when you frown.
With charming smiles you use to conquer still,
The Melancholy look's not apt to kill.
Our Poet begs you wh oadorn this Sphere,
This Shining Circle, will not be severe.
Here no Chit chat, *here no* Tea Tables *are.*
The Cant *he hopes will not be long unknown,*
'Tis almost grown the Language of the Town.
For Fops, who feel a wretched want of Wit,
Still set up something that may pass for it.
He begs that you will often grace his Play,
And lets you know Monday's *his visiting day.*

FINIS.